

THE
SCOURGE.

MARCH 2, 1815.

JOHN BULL'S THREE STAGES.

MR. EDITOR,

TRADITION informs us that the time was when *John Bull*, a gentleman at present of a lean and spare habit, was protuberant about the waistcoat, and sturdy about the limbs, that he boasted a hearty constitution, and a ruddy smiling countenance, such a one in short as good old home-brewed never failed to impart, and content and exercise to cherish; now being anxious to learn the truth of these traditory tales of former plethora, which was only to be ascertained by a rigid inquiry into the written records of these oral *fictions*, as I have hitherto considered them, I find that it was absolutely the case, that our friend *John* at one time measured from two and a half to three and a half yards round the waist, that he was an ell in circumference at the knee, and that his night-cap of that day would fit him for a present pair of breeches! Have mercy on me! How is our venerable friend altered! He is now, in the words of our great bard, scarce "*an eagle's talon in the waist*;" his shin-bone seams his stocking like a hand-saw, and his night-cap a mere extinguisher to a four in the pound. Well, Sir, my inquiry would have proved profitless, even in the arrival at the fact, unless I had penetrated into the cause, and ascertained it in all its various ramifications. I have the satisfaction of saying, Sir, that after a world of research I have accomplished my object, and with your permission I will lay before your numerous readers the result of my labors. In the first place, Sir, arguing the

consequence from the effect, I presumed that his present decrepitude arose entirely from old age, and I began to admire his stamina, which could weather so many seasons, and still hold out; but I soon discovered my error; I soon found that *John Bull* was endowed by nature with the strongest constitution, one preserving youth and vigor from the scythe of time, which defied his approach, and turned aside the edge of his wrath, that time could neither wither the roses of his cheek, or exhaust the protuberance of his waistcoat, and that he owes his present debility entirely to a system of quackery, to which he has long submitted, and to the nostrums which have been prescribed for him. I found that this constitution was rendered his inheritance in the days of King John, and confirmed to him by Henry III; I also found that although it had received many deep wounds in after ages, it resisted popery and oppression during the reign of bigotry and the Stuarts, and revived with unprecedented splendor in the reign of William and Mary, when it betrayed the possession of all its ancient stamina, unbounded freedom, the liberty of conscience, and the glorious privilege of grumbling. In some old portraits of this venerable gentleman I have seen him smoking his pipe under the tree of liberty, quaffing his jug of brown stout, and enjoying all the happiness which the air of liberty inspires, and the land of freedom fecundates. Ah! these were happy days I exclaim; monopoly was then hardly known; the porter brewer was then content to wear the apron of his trade, and never dreamt of peerages, and seats in parliament; with a jolly countenance he drove his own dray, and was happy in taking a glass of his best with his customers. Farms were then of moderate extent, and occupied by a humble and worthy tenantry; a hunting curate would have been hunted from his living; the country squire, a *non-descript* animal in modern days, was then the most important personage in his parish; he kept open house with hospitality for his porter, and

heartily welcome at his board; manufacture was rigidly manufacture in those days, for it was *bona-fide* the work of the hand; the old and helpless were the only poor; for industry required no stimulant, and no source was choked up by invention or monopoly; it was a maxim that the industry of the people was the nation's wealth, and the legislature liberally provided for its continuance.

Mr. *Bull* was unequalled either in the soundness of his stamina, or the extent of his happiness; contented with his own estate, he did not covet those of his neighbours; the equitable administration of a clear and concise code of laws afforded him security for his property, and as they were not complex they did not strain his understanding to comprehend them. This, Sir, was the robust period of his life, or his great FIRST STAGE, this was the enviable period when the good old-fashioned plum-pudding was smoking upon his board, and invited the guest to cut and come again; when the rich surloin (*Hogarth's ponderous load*) crowned the pewter dish, revelling in its own gravy, and the brown porter frothed its head over the can, smiling in strength and plenty. The tax-gatherer's office had not then begun; courtiers were but a harmless ephemera; and the wig of the judge was not the empty emblem of his wisdom. Counsellors were modest, and lawyers in some degree honest, at least they had a little degree of conscience. Authors did not write by the load, although their arguments carried weight; and senators did not speak by the hour; thick-headed lords had no pretensions to wit; and integrity was the best recommendation at court. Alas! this state of things was doomed to be but of short of duration, and our worthy friend *John* passed on from the first to his second stage, or *from good to bad*. Vanity superseded merit, courtiers became rapacious, patriots insincere, lords became bullies; their eldest sons black-legs; ambition became the vice of the court, and taxes the portion of the people; *John Bull* halved his surloin with the state in order to

national aggrandizement, in order to the prosecution of necessary wars, and the subjugation of independent states; *Johnny* was delighted with naval expeditions, and began pouring over maps of foreign countries; but so pressing and so numerous were the demands of the ministers that he soon found himself under the necessity of dismissing his old favourite porter *Hospitality*, and *Hearty Welcome* was no more seen at his table; he became churlish, and smoked his pipe alone; he no longer participated his cheering pot among his friends, for the brewer (now the golden moment was arrived) must needs keep his carriage, raise the price of his porter, and stand for a seat in the senate. *Johnny* was amazed; he heartily cursed the war, for his limbs shrunk away from his old hose, his waiscoat hung in wrinkles on his loins, and he stood in fear of suffocation by the heavy folds of his old night-cap. *Johnny* looked at himself in a glass, and was almost heart-broken in the appearance of his emaciated form—"Curse on this war," he exclaims, "How has it reduced me; I am almost deprived of the necessaries of life—new laws, new taxes, have deprived me of my liberty, and my means, my hearing, seeing, smelling, taste, and feeling, all are taxed; I am miserable. Curse on the war, I say; ruin as overwhelmed me. Oh! for a peace! a peace! which can alone restore my shrunken form."—Alas! *Johnny's* complaint was just; he had, by placing himself under the direction of designing advisers brought the war home to his own door, and was finally obliged to give up three-fourths of his subsistence in order to preserve the remainder. Courtiers had become profligate, and patriots mere auctioneers, who held up the people like a lot under the hammer, to knock them down to the highest bidder; the laws were confused by new acts, made to amend and explain former acts that had equally been made to mend and explain; judges were confused, intemperate, and arbitrary; counsellors notorious for their impudence, and lawyers for their chicanery.

Authors wrote by the load, as carriers cart goods, and he claimed pre-eminence in ability who had most liberally supplied the cheesemongers; senators spoke by the hour, and he carried away the palm of oratory who had the stoutest lungs; lords became wits, wits pedants, and profligacy became the only recommendation at court. Thus *Johnny* passed on from the second to his THIRD STAGE, or from *bad to worse!* To a state of PEACE! of GLORIOUS PEACE!! for which he had so long been sighing. "Ah happy happy days," he exclaims, "Ah happy peace—peace with all the world! no war, no taxes; now shall I be able to take on my old porter *Hospitality* again, to sit beneath my favorite oak, and once more regale in plenty these shrunken limbs—shall once more distend the wrinkles of my hose—I shall be myself again."—But alas! Peace was scarcely confirmed when *Johnny* discovered that the state still required exactions; that the tax upon his property only gave place to a multiplicity of other demands upon his resources; that his good old surloin was reduced to a bone not sufficient even for the common purposes of existence. He found that manufacture, which had struggled through the vicissitudes of the war, was now wholly stopped by the peace; that the farming interest required the price of provisions at an alarming price; that honesty was a virtue not to be found in use, and noticed only as an obsolete practice in the dictionary; that bribery, corruption, and secret influence directed public measures, and influenced private conduct; in short, he too late discovered that all was lost, and that he had sacrificed his independence for a mill-stone round his neck!!

ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Doctor Byron, notwithstanding his uncommon urbanity, and ready flow of wit, which rendered him the life and soul of every company, was frequently exposed to taunts, and gibes, on account of his known attachment to the cause of the Stuart family. One day, in particular, dining with a large party, where loyal toasts and sentiments were liberally given, he was called upon, in a very marked manner, to drink to the health of the King, his Majesty George II. The doctor immediately perceived that this was a kind of *dead-set* upon him. With amazing address, he extricated himself from this awkward dilemma, by the following *extempore* :

“ God bless the King—God bless the Faith’s Defender !

“ God bless ! (what harm in blessing ?) the Pretender.

What the *Pretender* is, and what the *King* ;

God bless us all ! that’s quite another thing.”

EPIGRAM.

CURE FOR BAD RAZORS.

Composed by the beautiful Mrs. T—q—te, one Morning while laying in Bed.

A gentleman one day so grave,

Whose coolness I admire ;

Because his razors would not shave,

He popt them in the fire.

Sad naughty razors then were they,

So nice a man to teaze,

So tasty, so polite, so gay,

Whose study is to please.

His heart is gentle, kind, and free ;

All this I do declare :

It would be *very wrong*, did he,

Not love the ladies fair.

This gentleman so spruce and neat,

Near Lomas-Wick* resides ;

His house and land is more complete,

Than all the rest besides.

* Near Canterbury.

LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR SAMUEL HOOD.

(Continued from p. 17)

The success of the *Juno* did not keep pace with the sanguine expectations of her captain and crew. She made a great number of captures, but all of small value; in truth, the enemy had not any rich merchant vessels on the ocean, and Captain Hood had not the fortune to meet any of their ships of war, notwithstanding the unwearied zeal with which he scoured the Channel, Bay of Biscay, and every harbour's-mouth on the French coast. He was uncommonly vigilant in extirpating the swarms of privateers which then buzzed about the coast of England, to the very great annoyance of our trade, having taken and destroyed seventeen sail of them in the short space of six months. This was far from being a profitable pursuit; those kind of vessels, rapidly fitted out, at a very small expence, sometimes sold for little more than the price of fire-wood, and very seldom one of them was found worthy of being preserved from the flames, to be purchased into the service as a cruiser.

In two years Captain Hood did not clear twelve hundred pounds; so true it is, that Fortune does not always bestow her favors upon the deserving. Captain Hood's merit however, in despite of his indifferent success, was so conspicuous as to be generally noticed; he had encountered some severe winters in the Channel; and, under the most arduous and dangerous circumstances, persevered in cruising the same in winter as he did in summer. The *Juno* weathered out a dreadful storm in Portland-road, and was saved by his abilities alone; when every officer and man on board had resigned themselves to certain destruction. Most of the great families were desirous to place their sons under his care, and the cockpit of the *Juno* presented an assemblage of more than fifty young noblemen and gentlemen, running the career of glory under his auspices.

It was at this period of his life Captain Hood obtained that knowledge of the French language he has since so much improved, as in many instances to have been taken by Frenchmen for one of their countrymen. He also, by mere dint of study, acquired the Latin tongue in less than twelve months, which proved of very great service to him afterwards, when serving in the

Grecian Archipelago. He was able to communicate with the principal men on the different islands through the medium of their priests, who could all converse in Latin ; the ministers of the Greek church are invariably well educated ; they have an excellent college in the Island of Mitylene, and undergo a severe examination before the prince patriarch at Constantinople, previous to the ceremony of ordination ; if they are once rejected, they can never again attempt to enter into holy orders, and are looked upon with contempt by their lay-brethren ever after.

Captain Hood, at a future time, made himself master of the *Lingua Franca*, or *Vulgar Italian*, spoken in every part of the Mediterranean, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Hellespont, and it is even familiar to the Turks in all their sea-port towns. Of his knowledge in the science of navigation, it is unnecessary to say much, it formed his

“ Dreams by night and visions of the day.”

He thoroughly comprehended it in every point of view, and with the attention of a father, and the zeal of an enthusiast, he himself instilled its principles into the minds of all the young gentlemen he had on board. On the quarter-deck he was their captain, in the cabin he sat as their schoolmaster, friend, and instructor ; he examined them daily, he praised, reprimanded, punished, and rewarded as he saw fit ; the mental progress of his young charges always kept precedence of those tasks requiring bodily exertion ; it was an observation of his, “ That navigation could only be acquired by study, but seamanship might be learned in play.”

Captain Hood made ample atonement for his youthful indolence ; he read much, and had an excellent assortment of books, to which he was constantly adding, whenever opportunity offered. He was never at a loss upon any subject ; his knowledge was extensive and independent ; the loss of a classical education was recompensed by a self-created mind.

Such was Captain Hood, when he received orders to sail with the *Juno* to the Mediterranean, a country marked out by the finger of Providence as the field on which he was to rise superior to the frowns of fortune, and acquire a just and honourable fame.

The prize-money Captain Hood had earned in his Channel cruising he divided to the utmost farthing amongst his creditors,

but it was far from sufficing to clear off all demands upon him—he long had reason to execrate his Weymouth acquaintance. Many a time, in reference to them, he used to smile at the idea of reducing a man to beggary, and then proffering him a title without a shilling to support it. In that instance, however, riches would not have changed his determination; it will be seen in the sequel how much he despised honours ignobly gotten—in any sense, he estimated them lightly. Titles, dress, and equipage, were no more to him than proud trappings to the horse, which we must remove before we can examine its soundness or worth, and may be put on the stupid ass as well as the generous steed. The first service wherein Captain Hood distinguished himself was at taking the island of Corsica; with this he opened his naval campaigns in the Mediterranean. Lord Hood, beneath whose eye he now fought, did not discover, by any marks of particular favor, much partiality for his relation. Captain Hood took his chance of the good or ill fortune of war with his brother officers, and was never selected in prejudice to the claims of another to execute any favourite service. The admiral, in this, acted up to his duty with scrupulous integrity, never sufficiently to be commended.

The Juno was upon every part of the Corsican coast. Captain Hood assisted in the reduction of Bastia, Calvi, Almeria, Ajaccio, &c. and performed a piece of service at that time of the greatest importance; he passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, which separate the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, took a complete survey of the coasts, rocks, shoals, and soundings of the passage, so as to ascertain a safe channel, through which ships of any size might conveniently sail. The islands of Maddelene caught his attention, scattered near the entrance of the Strait; he explored them critically, and was the first who pointed out the excellent anchorage in Maddelene bay, which, after the evacuation of Corsica, afforded frequent shelter to the Mediterranean fleet and squadrons.

At Ajaccio he was witness to the destruction of a French line of battle ship, and a frigate run aground, and burnt by their commanders, to prevent their falling into the hands of the British. He took notice of the harbour, and recommended it to the commander in chief as a fit place to form a dock-yard, and

build a naval hospital, which was afterwards done, and did credit to his discernment.

An intention of deepening the harbour of Bastia was laid aside at his suggestion as impracticable, at the same time he pointed out the superior advantages to be derived from the Gulph of San Fiorenzo, and the many bays it enclosed. The British troops under General Dundas, with the assistance of the navy, had reduced every important place on the coast, except the town of San Fiorenzo, to which they were advancing, by slow and difficult marches, through a country covered with woods, and very mountainous. The Corsicans hated the French, and loved not the English—were willing to assist us in expelling the French, but jealous of our occupying their place; they were one day a friend, and another a foe. Much of the attention of the army was devoted to them, and their movements retarded by it considerably. It was settled by the admiral, in order not to be idle until the troops arrived, that the tower, which commanded the anchorage of Martello Bay, should be attacked; it was absolutely necessary to secure it before advancing to the town, and the excellent watering-place near it was more convenient to the fleet than the one in use, to which they had a long pull across the mouth of the Gulph, and which in some seasons the boats experienced danger in passing.

The Fortitude, of seventy-four guns, and the Juno, were ordered to lay their broadsides to this tower, and compel it to surrender. Though it only mounted two guns, "*en barbet*," defended by a French midshipman and twenty men, it withstood the assaults of the two ships upwards of four hours, when, unable to make any impression upon it, they hauled off, much damaged. The Fortitude had been twice on fire by the red-hot shot discharged from the tower. The Juno, more fortunate, escaped. Captain Hood received the admiral's approbation for the judicious manner in which he placed his ship on this occasion. The walls of the tower were thirty feet in thickness, of very small diameter, and perfectly round—the balls scarcely left a dent upon its face, and glanced off in an oblique direction. In height it rose about fifty feet, and was entered by a small window, six yards from the ground, those inside pulling up the ladder by which they ascended. The Martello towers, sprinkled on the coast of England, are modelled after

this original, or to use an Iricism—"on the same plan, but differently constructed." I have never been able to discover the least resemblance, except in name. To take it by escalade was impossible from its height; Captain Hood proposed to get two of the *Juno's* cannon mounted on the cliff which commanded it. The rocks were nearly a hundred feet perpendicular from the sea, up which they were to be raised, and the attempt was considered an act of folly approaching to madness. Capt. Hood and his crew, irritated at being foiled in the attack of such a contemptible fortress, did wonders—the guns were got up, and opened fire in one night's time, to the astonishment of those in the tower, who considered themselves on that side impreguably fortified by nature. They surrendered almost immediately, and the fleet moved into the bay. The place where the guns were mounted is called by seamen, Hood's Cliff, and serves as a mark to the anchorage.

In consequence of this brilliant little dash, Captain Hood had the boats entrusted to him to co-operate with the army in the attack of San Fiorenzo—shipping could not approach near enough to cannonade the works with any good effect, and the fortifications were in excellent order. Each of the larger boats carried a gun in her bow, and the crews were, by desire of Captain Hood, armed principally with pikes, a weapon of which he had the highest opinion when in the hands of a British sailor.

It will be necessary here to give some descriptive idea of the situation and means of access to the town. San Fiorenzo stands at the bottom of a deep gulph, surrounded by lofty hills, the main road to it running from the east; the town lies low, and is walled round towards the sea; it is well defended by a deep ditch in front, and two bastions, with an intervening parapet-wall, mounted with cannon. To the westward a stout pier runs nearly half across a snug creek, and affords shelter to small boats; the river here empties itself, and at times overflows all the low ground south-west of the town. In the rear of all stands the church, honoured by inclosing the body of the patron saint.—(Whether Saint Fiorenzo be canonized I know not—the figure they shew for him is that of an infant about two feet long, preserved in a glass case, decorated with beads and artificial flowers.)—Vineyards and orchards, intersected with deep gullies, extend a mile into the country, and terminate at

the foot of stupendous mountains that rise in abrupt grandeur, covered with myrtle bushes, prickly pear trees, and a variety of low shrubs, forming an impenetrable barrier to all attempts at penetrating, without the additional motive to desist, from numerous serpents and wild boars, with which the country is infested.

There remained only two ways by which the place might be assailed with any prospect of success, either advancing on the main road against a gate fortified with twelve pieces of cannon, and exposed to the cross-fire of two guns in an old castle near the beach, or by a "*coup de main*" from the creek where the wall was rather lower and out of repair; the latter could only be attempted when the river swelled by rains, which increased the depth of water so as to permit the large boats to pass a bar of sand, and which so effectually blocked up the entrance of the creek, that it served instead of fortifications on that side of the town—the enemy devoting all their care to guard the approaches by the main road.

Captain Hood anchored his squadron of boats by day off the town, and at night rowed guard before it, from time to time throwing in sufficient shot and grenades to keep the enemy on the alert towards the sea. The French colonel commandant had given up all hopes of relief; but, nevertheless, foolishly determined to hold out to the last extremity. His force consisted of twelve hundred French and Corsicans combined; many of the latter, whom he had stationed as picquets in advance on the road, when attacked by a body of British seamen, willingly suffered themselves to be made prisoners. The dilatory manner in which the army advanced began to create dissatisfaction amongst the naval officers. The fleet suffered much from want of fresh provisions, and live cattle were not to be had, unless the town capitulated. One day a greater quantity of rain than usual had fallen, and swelled the river to a considerable height. The troops were hourly expected. At close of day all the boats were on the alert, and Captain Hood silently passed the bar of the river in his barge; when, finding all quiet on that side of the town, and part of the wall easily to be surmounted, he returned to the boats, directing an officer to commence a furious discharge of cannon upon the eastern bastion near the gate, and keep it up briskly. It had the desired effect. The enemy returned the fire with vigour from all their guns, those near the

gate scouring the road with grape-shot, where they imagined the British troops to be advancing upon them—so certain were they (the darkness of the night preventing their seeing) of the army's approach, that all the garrison, not wanted to man the batteries, crowded to defend the gate, and Captain Hood, with muffled oars, passed the pier, landed his men, mounted the wall, and gained the market-place before he was discovered; he instantly charged the enemy before they could draw up to receive him, who gave way on all sides. The French colonel, not expecting this attack in his rear, however, descended from the batteries with his men, and advanced rapidly up the market-place, platoon firing every few yards. Captain Hood, hard pressed, began to retire in his turn, when, at this critical moment, the officer commanding the heavy boats, observing the batteries had ceased to return his fire, and hearing the noise of musquetry, with cheering in the town, rightly conjectured that Captain Hood was engaged, and dashing through the surf, jumped on shore, followed by all his men. The Corsican guard threw open the gate, into which he rushed with loud cheers, charging all that opposed him. The enemy now no longer doubted but the gates had been forced by the army, and placed between two fires, the commanding officer advancing to Captain Hood, delivered up his sword; whilst his men, grounding their arms as prisoners, were that instant marched out of the great gate, embarked in boats, and by day-light were secured in safety on board the fleet, who beheld, with no less astonishment than pleasure, the British flag waving over the bastions of San Fiorenzo.

J. M.

(To be continued.)

JOHN BULL AND HIS FAMILY.

SIR,

THOUGH I am aware that it is a very ungracious office to interfere with domestic quarrels, yet, as mine partake, in some degree, of the nature of public ones, and as my misfortunes extend, in their results, to many classes of the community from the comprehensive nature of my dealings, I hope you will not refuse to listen to my com-

plaints. The formality of an introduction is unnecessary; my name sufficiently discloses who I am, and I am proud to add, that it is a name of which I have never any reason to be ashamed, except when those whom I employ misconduct themselves.

I have been for many years in the habit of confiding the chief direction of my concerns to the head of my family, always, however, reserving to myself a right of interfering when I think matters are going on wrong. At present the regulation of every thing is left to my eldest son, who, to tell you the truth, is much more addicted to pleasure than business. He was a light, vain, inconsistent boy, and though I allowed him a handsome sum yearly for pocket money, yet I generally had to pay every now and then, heavy arrears of debts which he contracted. At last I got a wife for him, and hoped that by using himself to the society of a modest and virtuous female he would insensibly wean himself from those loose and dishonourable amours he had so eagerly pursued. But I was disappointed. Gamblers, spend-thrifts, and adventurers still shared with him the pleasure of the day, and at night he stole to the arms of some new wanton, while his disconsolate wife was left to mourn over the solitude of the nuptial-bed. At length she produced a daughter to him, and I fondly flattered myself, that the feelings of the father would redeem the errors of the husband, and that he would console the sorrows of the wife by participating in the delights of the mother. He did neither, however, and the daughter has now grown up to womanhood, and pines in silence at the unhappy discords that separate her parents.

I have heard that there is a period in the life of man at which he begins to throw off the idle affections of youth, and seeks for pursuits that accord better with the gravity of years; that the riotous pleasures of voluptuous enjoyment, the selfish gratifications of the table, and the petty delights of frivolity, gradually lose their charms, and reason insensibly assumes her throne upon

the sightless and deformed ruins of those ignoble appetites. But it is not so with my son; for though he has turned his fiftieth year, he still seeks for amusement in the dull haunts of his youthful excesses, and still exults over the stale draught that heretofore intoxicated him. Sensual enjoyments hold him in the most contemptible thralldom, and when he is either satiated with them, or the prostrate energies of nature demand a respite, he recurs only to such paltry expedients for occupying attention, as would disgrace the leisure of a retired shop-keeper or a superannuated fox-hunter. I am told, (for I have never witnessed such debasing follies) that he will sit a whole day in profound deliberation upon the cut of a Hessian boot, or the arrangement of a laced coat, his room strewed with shreds and patterns, when he ought to be inspecting accounts and superintending those employed under him, and his mind wholly occupied with the decoration of his house, while the foundations are sinking.

If remonstrances, appeals, and even rebukes, could have any effect, these things would not be; but such modes of reproof have been exhausted in vain, and he still hugs the flattering delusion that he is exempt from the laws which Providence has wisely imposed, and which universally operate, that every excess produces at last its own corrective. None of his brothers have plunged into such desperate courses. Fred. indeed, takes after him in his gallantries, but I am inclined to think his last mistress played him such a scurvy trick that he will not very easily fall into such another folly. He gambles too, but as he has lost all he had, that vice has cured itself.

I am sorry to say that loose gallantries seem to be a family vice with them, for my next son, Harry, instead of marrying, like his elder brother and Fred. and *unlike* his brothers, living with his wife, he found a partner for his bed in the green-room of a theatre, and his children by

this illicit intercourse mingle with all societies in which he himself appears. I have another son Ned, who would be a soldier, but he teases his men so with regulating the shape of their whiskers, the breadth of their belts, the heights of their gaiters, and the length of their queues that he makes them bad soldiers by the mere rigor of his discipline. Ned, however, take him altogether, is the best of them, for his younger brothers have none of his manliness of character, and all his military foppery. I say nothing of my daughters. They are all good girls, as far as I know, and though they are not married, except the eldest, I believe I can protest for their chastity. They are verging fast towards that dreadful epoch which will fix upon them the odious name of *old maids*, and I hope therefore I have little to dread as to the future.

It is always to be lamented when the follies and vices of our children, disturb that harmony which ought to prevail in well-regulated families; but it is still more to be regretted, when the consequences are extended beyond themselves, and deeply affect the welfare of others. Such, however, is my case. I have very extensive concerns with every quarter of the globe, and it is of the utmost importance that all the subordinate agents who transact my affairs under the direction of my son should be men of strict integrity, with some portion of common sense, for without the one the grossest abuses will be sanctioned; and without the other they will pass unknown and undetected. He, unfortunately thinks, differently; and instead of selecting persons of approved character and known talent, he employs those only who have no other recommendation but their subserviency to his own wishes.

His chief secretary (a Mr. L——) is a man of such extraordinary imbecillity of mind, that some years ago, when an opulent neighbour of mine happened to quarrel with his tenants, and they were in open hostility with each other, he actually advised that an inroad should be

made upon his estate, to quell the turbulent revolvers, and compel them into submission. This freak of his was even tried, (such a fatal influence he possessed,) and long persevered in, but it ended in the confusion and discomfiture of the projectors. He now superintends the whole of my son's affairs, and to speak truly of him, I really think he is more a fool than knave: one of those neutral, undefined, unmarked things, which no one respects for its value or fears for its malignity: like a mellow apple, soft, pulpy, and insipid, fit only to be tasted and thrown aside. He is so fond either of the labours or the emoluments of office that he will consent to serve upon any terms rather than not serve at all: and if he could not be chief secretary would be second clerk, or clerk to the second clerk.

His cashier is a Mr. V———, sprung from a Dutch ancestor, and one who ought therefore to understand something of money. He is indeed a tolerable accountant, and has been found useful on several occasions when it was necessary to raise the wind. But the worst of his character is, that he wants foresight; and when cash is not forthcoming to answer present demands, he raises it by any means however improvident. For instance, there is a little fund set apart specially for the payment of certain arrears due by the firm to some long-standing creditors; and this fund it was my anxious wish should remain strictly appropriated to its intended purpose; but Mr. V———, rather than tell his master that his affairs were going on badly, and that it would be wise to retrench some superfluous expences, and abstain from others, provided what was required by dipping his fingers into this deposit. Temporary expedients, however, will not long sustain a declining credit; and I am afraid this cashier of my son is incapable of any thing but temporary expedients. I am sure he is incapable of explaining his own schemes when they happen to be questioned; for being more accustomed to expound

the blessings of Christianity at a Bible society, or argue a parochial question in a vestry, than to meet the full tide of eloquent and philosophical discussion; he generally exhibits a most deplorable figure, when any of the trustees call upon him for an elucidation of his past practices and his projected plans. His small thin voice and mincing lisp, coupled with his precise and primitive enunciation, and awkward embarrassed manner, present the picture of a schoolboy whose seat of honor already tingles with anticipated birch as he answers the examination of his pedagogue.

From the very extensive concerns in which my son engages, he has found it useful to issue a sort of local money, for the sake of facilitating payments, and to superintend this department, he has appointed an individual, who is fleeringly denominated "Mat o'the Mint." It happens oddly enough, that gold and silver being so scarce, that this gentleman should be all brass; and if, in a fit of heroic self-devotion, he should exclaim, like Brutus,

"By Heav'n, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas,"

the firm would find itself in possession of a pure and excellent brass currency.

You may suppose, Sir, that where there are such extensive dealings to regulate and conduct with all parts of the world, our foreign correspondence is necessarily very multifarious, and at the head of that most important and confidential function is placed a native of the sister-kingdom whom they call Pat Carselray. Of this man's abilities to fulfil the arduous duties of the post entrusted to him, I have much doubt. He is a vain, plausible, supple, insinuating character, and sometimes wins by impudent perseverance what another would despair of obtaining except by the conscious fortitude of integrity. He substitutes specious finesse for the plain straightforward proceedings of good faith, and often, when he

thinks he has succeeded by some happy artifice, finds himself enmeshed in his own net. In conversing upon business, he has the art of perplexing what he does not wish to explain; and of explaining what he intends to communicate so as to be unintelligible. No man can talk so long as he can without a meaning, and upon the faith of the old maxim, therefore, *omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*, he is thought by many to be very profound. He is most courteous and affable to those whom he is seeking to cajole; but cold and heartless towards those from whom he neither wants nor expects any services. He is, at present, at V——, having gone thither to meet a body of merchants, who, joined with my son, in a great speculation, and having succeeded beyond their expectations, they are now quarrelling with each other about dividing the profits. My son engaged pretty deeply in the venture; but I am afraid poor Mr. Carselray will not be able to secure him his share of the emoluments. There are two merchants from the Baltic in particular, who seem determined to keep the best part of the general cargo for themselves.

The man who manages the in-door business is Mr. S——, of whom the less that is said the better. He would make an excellent whipper-in to a fox-hunting squire, or might do for a water-bailiff, but beyond catching a rogue or flogging one, I know nothing that he is fit for else. The regulation and management of such various domestic concerns, as now fall under his superintendence, demand capacities greater than nature ever deigned to bestow upon him. Yet he has a tolerably large head, if that were always a sign of wisdom; but I suspect its magnitude is only in its circumference, and that its internal density leaves a very small cavity for the brain.

There are other agents whom my son employs, and particularly a Scotchman and an Irishman, to superintend his shipping concerns. The latter is remarkable for a pertinacity, and petulant assurance, which are re-

singularly offensive to those opulent merchants who have dealings with his master; and I have been told that he is retained, only because he tells a good bawdy story when drunk, and willingly gets drunk every night that he may have the opportunity of displaying his talent. As for the Scotchman he is remarkable only for his exact imitation of the character described in our liturgy, always "leaving those things undone which he ought to have done, and doing those things which he ought not to have done." I do not know a single action of his life that belies this description.

Such, Sir, are the principal persons to whom my various and important interests are confided, and I leave you to judge how slender are the probabilities that they will be properly attended to. I have in vain remonstrated upon the subject: I have in vain told my son that he is hastening the ruin of those whose welfare and prosperity he ought to promote, and that a longer continuance in his present system must lead to his own destruction. But it is useless. No admonition that I can give will he attend to: no warning of approaching danger can rouse him from his fatal lethargy. While the fatigues of business are removed from himself, and while he can devote his whole time to luxurious profusion and voluptuous enjoyment, he cares not what opinion the world holds of him, nor what dangers menace his delusive security. He thinks the peril far distant which he refuses to contemplate; but though I am patient, I am not insensible: and if he still persists in the monstrous follies, which not even the levities of youth could palliate, I know but one remedy that is left to save myself from ruin, and though that remedy is an obvious one, I shall not mention it till it is time to apply it.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF BUONAPARTE.

MOREAU, a truly great captain, no less affable than modest, cherished by the people and the army, had a contempt for the bombast of Buonaparte, which he did not always sufficiently disguise. The Consul had placed about him two spies, who were constantly haunting him, and who brought a faithful account to their employer of the general's most indifferent actions. An authentic extract from one of their reports is subjoined :

" We dined with Moreau ; the company consisted of the general's brother, Frenière, Valubert, Desbordes, Lamartillière, and Pichon. The conversation turned upon the French navy. Lamartillière said that he should never have the satisfaction of seeing us with a respectable one ; how could it be, indeed, since we had no such thing as an eminent seaman. ' It cannot be expected,' said Pichon, ' all eyes are upon the land.'—' Where they do not, however, see great things,' said Valubert good-humouredly.—' Perhaps more than you think,' said Moreau ; ' there are people who assert that the Corsicans will in a short time have a fine laugh against us.' ' As how ?'—' That's plain enough ; they will say France would not leave us a king—we are more obliging to them, we give them an emperor.' Several jokes followed this sally of the general's. During the desert, Desbordes, in taking off the rind of an orange, squeezed some of the juice, so that it sparkled in his eye. ' Aye, aye,' says he, ' I might have been well aware that I should gain nothing by pressing *l'écorce* (le Corse*),—that it would even occasion smart.' This sally produced a general laugh. ' Do not, however, go and say that elsewhere,' added the general ; ' if the great Corsican were to know it, he would not laugh.'—It was thus that General Moreau had among his intimates men base enough to report to his enemy every thing he said, every thing that passed in the interior of his family. One of these wretches being afterwards attached to the army of Spain, was hanged by the inhabitants at Saragossa.

Monsieur C.... was always very fond of great dinners, and at one of these repasts the Abbe introduced to him a man of genteel appearance, under the name of Count Petrowlow, a Russian by birth. This man spoke French fluently, appeared very well informed on all subjects, but particularly so in the science of cabinets. Monsieur C.... received him with great consideration, and asked him many questions principally relative to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia, with respect to the new dignity of Napoleon. The pretended Russian, (for such he was, being afterwards ascertained to be

* This is a play upon word, *l'écorce*, signifies the rind—*le Corse* the Corsican.

a Jew from Lubeck,) after excusing himself very handsomely hesitated to unbosom himself respecting an affair of such high importance; nevertheless, he took care to let it appear, even in his refusal, that his reserve was not to be eternal. He even added — “You would have, sir, a very poor opinion of me, if, at a first interview, I could have the weakness to divulge the secrets of my court, even if I knew them.” — C.... pretended to applaud his delicacy, and ended by inviting him to visit him frequently. The stranger neither refused nor promised to accept the invitation given to him, but merely said that business of some importance had brought him to France, so that he would have very little time to dedicate to any thing else; but, however, he would not go away without seeing him. They then parted, the best friends in the world, and the next morning C.... set off in a violent hurry to inform Buonaparte of the important acquaintance which he had just made, and particularly of the measures he meant to found on it, if he could once succeed in making his new friend unbosom himself with respect to the sentiments of his court towards France.

Buonaparte was much pleased with the project of his favourite. — “This man,” said he, “is a jewel to us at the present moment. If he will only blab, then we shall ascertain what credit is to be given to the information of our ambassador with respect to that subject.” Five days however passed without any news of the Russian count, so that Monsieur C.... sent for the abbe who had introduced him: he went to the favourite, and assured him that he had never seen him since the day on which he presented him, and when questioned how and by what means he had become acquainted with him, the abbe answered, that having called on Monsieur Queslay, at the Hotel Richelieu, chance had brought them together, that the manners, the conversation, and, above all, the knowledge of the stranger, had charmed him; and that knowing the great partiality which Monsieur C.... had for well-informed men, he had felt a true pleasure in introducing him. “It is one,” said the favourite, “it is true, I confess, that you have procured for me. I only regret that I cannot enjoy it more frequently. Endeavour to find him out; and bring him to dinner this very afternoon with you.” The abbe did not wait to be twice asked, but ran instantly to the Hotel Richelieu. What then was his surprise at seeing the stranger’s trunks all packed up, and he ready for setting off! — But after expressing to him his astonishment at such a speedy departure, he asked him the reason of it. “Don’t speak of it,” said the pretended Russian, “I am quite in despair, as I did not suppose that I should have occasion for so much money as was required to settle the affairs that brought me to Paris; so that I have now no more than what is barely necessary to convey me decently to where I am known. I have indeed some countrymen here, who would refuse me nothing;

but it is of the utmost importance to me that they should not know of my being at Paris. I will confess to you also that I am under a false name; but I intreat you to keep my secret faithfully. Make my excuses to Monsieur C.; tell him that nothing but the urgency of my affairs could have forced me to neglect the promise which I made of not setting off without seeing him."—"Not so, sir," said the abbe: "we must not lose you in that manner; on the contrary, I am come to invite you to dinner at Mons. C's request; and I am fain to believe, that for my sake you will not refuse this invitation, even if it was not proper to acquit yourself for the very handsome manner in which he has already received you."

"Monsieur L'Abbe," replied the pseudo nobleman, "I am quite in despair at being obliged to refuse you, but I cannot act otherwise. The carriage and horses are engaged; moreover, I have written to my friends, and on a certain day they will expect me."

The abbe took great pains, even to insist on a compliance with his request, but did not succeed, and on his return to Monsieur C. gave him an account of its mission and its failure.—"What," exclaimed C. "must this young nobleman set off in such a hurry, because his funds are deficient? Fly quickly, Monsieur L'Abbe; kill the horses, if necessary; tell him the reasons which he alleges must have no weight with him. Let him come here; and I shall never pardon him, if he deprives me of the pleasure of rendering him so slight a service."

The abbe, on his return to the Hotel Richelieu, found the stranger in the same disposition for setting off, and then stated to him, word for word, what had passed with C. After numberless difficulties, the count consented to see the minister, merely, as he said, to thank him for his civilities, and then to take his leave; for he did not wish all the world to know that he had been obliged to contract debts in France. He now accompanied the abbe to Monsieur C.; and the latter as soon as he saw him, cried out—"Come, ungrateful sir, if all your countrymen think as you do, they do us a great injury in supposing that we are incapable of conferring an obligation upon an honourable man."—"Pardon me, sir; I do your country all the justice which it deserves: but, scarcely known to you, and not desiring to be so by any one else just at this crisis, you must excuse me if I take the only step which honour permits."—"What! you are resolved then? Come, come, what a strange man! But let us retire to my cabinet, and there we shall settle this business."

The Russian, after many intreaties, confessed that his only reason for setting off was, that he might collect about twenty thousand francs, which he yet required, in order to terminate some very important affairs in that capital, and more particularly so in the Duchy of Deux Points.

C. instantly made him an offer of the sum required, even of more, if necessary; but the hypocritical stranger still persisted in refusing to accept of it: at length, however, he consented to receive twenty-four thousand francs in notes, which were instantly counted out to him, and for which he offered his receipt; that, however, Monsieur C. would not take. After this, he received permission to return to his hotel, to contradict the orders for his departure; but that permission was only granted him upon condition that he would return in an hour, as dinner should not be served up until his arrival. He found no difficulty in revoking the orders that he had given; for of all he had said, nothing was true except the lashing up of his trunks, so that he was exact in fulfilling his promise: thirty minutes served him to go and return; the dinner was delightful, and the wine delicious.

The servants had orders to spare no civility towards the young nobleman; he was not, however, to be duped by the eagerness with which his glass was often filled; but as he was a man who could drink his bottle, he did not attempt to baulk the toasts. On rising from table, the company retired into the saloon, when C. adroitly drew the young man into a corner, where he made him a thousand offers of service, and then led him insensibly to the point of enquiring if the Court of Russia looked with a favourable eye upon the crown of France thus placed upon the head of Buonaparte, and whether the Emperor of Russia yet retained any friendship for the Bourbons.

The stranger, who was prepared for all these questions, pretended for a moment some embarrassment with respect to answering them: he made some delicate hesitation; but at length said to him—"Sir, it would be ungrateful to your kindness, if I were to keep an absolute silence with respect to the questions you have just put to me; nevertheless, if it was your intention to make me purchase, by culpable indiscretion the service that you have rendered me, I should be silent, and I would instantly repay you; but I believe you incapable of such a measure." C. attempted to interrupt him, in order to fortify this last sentiment, "Do not interrupt me, sir; I believe your probity, without asseveration; and I am now going to prove it to you, inasmuch as I shall entrust you with more confidential communications than you require of me. You wish to know the sentiments of the Russian court upon the new dignity which Buonaparte is upon the point of assuming. Another person might perhaps say that he knew nothing upon the subject, but the reception you have given me, and your exertions in my favour, make it my duty to give you some details on that subject—details of more importance, because that my name, my birth, and the access that I have to the ministers themselves,

have always enabled me to penetrate into the secrets of the cabinet. However, sir, you will pardon me one restriction that I must lay upon you. I have reason to believe that you are the most intimate counsellor of Buonaparte : it is therefore clear that you will acquaint him with the confidential communications which I now make to you ; and that ought to be so, for the sole reason, that he is personally interested in them. These secrets, therefore, are of a nature that well deserve to be well weighed, and will be susceptible also of certain developements, which it is impossible that I could lay before you in a simple conversation. Permit me then, sir, to reduce to writing all that I can tell you of the present situation of the cabinet of St. Petersburg ; I shall make a large packet of it, which you may, yourself, deliver to Buonaparte ; for I confess to you that it will flatter me much that he should have the first fruits of my communications."

This procedure, to be sure, was not, at the bottom, the most complimentary to Mons. C., as it did not seem to mark for him all the confidence he had a right to expect, after the manner in which he had conducted himself towards this stranger ; the importance of the affair, however, made him silently pass over this little mortification ; moreover, as the whole was to be communicated to Buonaparte, it was of little consequence to him that it should be sent in a sealed packet, for he was always certain of being acquainted with the contents. He reflected also that this writing would be a thing to which he might always have recourse when there was occasion, and he therefore acquiesced with a good grace in the conditions proposed by the young stranger, who requested of him two days for the completing of his task.

Mons. C. was never more satisfied than with the turn of this negotiation ; for, said he to himself, communications given in writing must be accurate and of some importance, and he therefore hastened the next morning to give Buonaparte a detailed account of the whole affair, who applauded the determination of the stranger to reduce to writing the confidential communications which he proposed to make. The Count Petrowlow was faithful to his word, and two days afterwards presented to Monsieur C. a packet closed with many seals, telling him that he waited with impatience for the opinion which Buonaparte would pass upon his labours. "As soon as I am acquainted with his opinion," said Monsieur C. to him, "I shall hasten to let you know it ; at all events, come here to-morrow, Buonaparte is at St. Cloud ; I shall go there early, and in the evening I will give you an answer."

The noble Russian retired ; and the next morning early Monsieur C. arrived at Saint Cloud, where he found Buonaparte alone, sitting in a recess. "Here," said C. "are the papers which our man has promised us." Buonaparte took the packet

and retired towards a window ; but he had scarcely been there three minutes, when, uttering an execration, he threw the papers into the middle of the apartment, exclaiming, "There, sir, read that ; there you will see a pretty trick ; there you will see what a rascal you have had to do with !"

C., thunderstruck, and even trembling, knew not what to think of this scene, particularly of Buonaparte's rage. I gathered up the papers which were scattered over the floor, but they were nothing more than blank paper, with the exception of one sheet, on which there was something written. I presented it to Monsieur C., who began to read ; but at every word, at every sentence, he changed colour : he was, indeed, almost ready to faint, and the silence of Buonaparte did not serve to recover him.

"Well, sir, what think you of this horrible business ?"

"I am unable to answer you : permit me to sit down."

"He is a villian, whom we must secure."

"Yes, for he has tricked me also of twenty-four thousand francs."

"How so ?" exclaimed Buonaparte ; when C. informed him of the price at which he had bought the pretended count.

"There," said Buonaparte, "is another pretty business. It is the very depth of rascality ; but, perhaps, they will be able to lay hold of him."

"I doubt it : he has already gained thirty hours of us."

"You are right ; but give to me his infamous scribbling, and I shall take such measures as will find him out, whatever may be his place of refuge ;" on which Monsieur C. as much at a loss as a fox in a trap, retired with great precipitation.

The hope of vengeance calmed Buonaparte's apparent anger ; but that hope was deceived, for all the researches made after this ingenious swindler were useless. They only learned, on strong suspicion, that he was a Jew, and that he had retired into the territory of the Grand Seigneur, where he embraced the Mahometan religion. Sometime afterwards, I had an opportunity of seeing the letter which gave so much offence to Buonaparte and his friend.

Thus it was, word for word :

"I am asked what is the disposition of the court of St. Petersburg with respect to the present state of affairs in France : all Europe knows that in a fortnight Napoleon Buonaparte will be declared Emperor of the French. It is wished to know what the Emperor of Russia thinks of this new dignity. It is also wished to know what are the opinions of the Russian cabinet with respect to the military and political conduct of Buonaparte. An answer to these several questions would fill a volume, if I were to enter into all the details relative to such subjects ; but I

shall confine myself to answer specifically to each of these aforesaid questions. For fifteen years, France has destroyed the equilibrium of Europe. The fluctuation of its government has caused that versatility of diplomacy in other cabinets. Their victories have reduced many states to desire peace most ardently. Even Russia, one of those powers which has suffered least, desires it most sincerely, and manifests the same pacific dispositions. The prosperity of France, far from giving umbrage to Russia, is on the contrary useful to her silly jealousy of some bordering states : a jealousy only six months old. The humiliation of Austria to a certain point pretty well bounds the secret desires of the St. Petersburg cabinet : moreover, it does not see with pleasure, that Prussia affects to be considered as the first military power in Europe.

As to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia in respect to the crown which Buonaparte is about to place upon his own head, I can aver that he is nearly upon the point of acknowledging him as a brother monarch. As to all the honour which has been done to the cause of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. is nothing more than a consecrated idol, which the policy of Europe cannot replace in its proper temple. Buonaparte, in placing himself upon the throne of France, gives to his own government a principle of steadiness which offers a pleasing assurance to the Emperor of Russia, in permitting him to execute, at his leisure, his projects against Turkey.

“ Finally, it it wished to know what reputation Buonaparte bears in Russia, and what is generally thought of him there. One fact will be a sufficient answer to this question.

“ When they learnt at St. Petersburg the melancholy death of the Duke d'Enghien, there was but one cry against the assassin. The blood of that victim sullied all the laurels of the conqueror of Marengo.

“ The public esteem gave place to general execration, and during the service performed at St. Petersburg, in honour of the memory of that unfortunate prince, all hearts partook of the sentiments in the following inscription, which was placed upon his Cenotaph.

“ To the illustrious Prince, Louis-Anthony-Henry Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, not less admirable for his private virtues than for his melancholy death : being devoured by that ferocious Corsican Beast, the terror of Europe, and the pest of the human race.”

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW DICTIONARY.

SIR,

As I still persevere in the design of bringing forward my new dictionary of the English language, notwithstanding that the Rev. Mr. Todd has commenced the publication of his edition of Dr. Johnson's, I beg leave to trouble you with a few more specimens of my own; and I take this opportunity of publicly disclaiming all intention of rivalry with Mr. Todd, as every person must be convinced who inspects the two lexicons, that it is impossible for any work to be more essentially distinct from each other.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ABECEDARIAN.

Feb. 21st, 1815.

Abashed. An Old Bailey look. That sweet and ingenuous confusion of countenance which is excited by a sentence of whipping or transportation. Sometimes it is applied to a minister when he is turned out of place.

Abbess. This term was formerly applied to the superintendant of a nunnery; but it is now more commonly used to signify a dealer in monosyllables.

Abdication. Surrendering what we cannot keep. James II. *abdicated* the crown of England when he was *driven* from it; and Buonaparte *abdicated* the throne of France when he could not return to it.

Abhorrence. A dislike of things that are not attainable. Ugly men always have an *abhorrence* of seducing handsome girls, and shrivelled maidens *abhor* the pleasures of illicit love: dull fools *abhor* wit, and rogues have an intuitive *abhorrence* of conscience. Thus illustrating the maxim of the poet:

Compound for vices they're inclined to,

By damning those they've no mind to.

Able-bodied. A figurative phrase used synonymously for a woman's man.

Abstinence. Purging away one surfeit to make room for another.

Absurd. Any thing said or done different from what we ourselves should say or do.

Abundance. An imaginary quantity of which every man thinks his neighbour possessed, and which he himself wants.

Abuse. Unwelcome truths.

Accommodate. Obliging a friend in order to serve ourselves.

Actor. A man who lets himself out for hire to be pelted, hissed, and insulted by the lowest wretches of society.

Actress. (See *Actor*.)

Administration. A collective term applied to a body of men entrusted by the sovereign with the power of squandering the money, destroying the lives, and oppressing the liberties of their fellow countrymen.

Adonis. The reflection of a beau in a looking-glass.

Advice. Whas every one needs, every one gives, and nobody receives.

Alderman. A man privileged to make himself a fool at stated periods. He generally looks very solemn, and because Baalam's ass once spoke, is a great believer in miracles in his own person.

Allies. Princes united with each other by a solemn league which they never break till it is convenient.

Ambition. A deplorable sort of itch which depraves the whole animal economy. Three sovereign remedies have been discovered for this disease, steel, hemp, and lead : either of these taken in sufficient doses will be certain to cure.

Amity. A word much used by kings in treaties, and is always understood to signify the same as our vernacular term *humbug*.

Angel. Our mistress.

Devil. Our wife.

Antiquary. A species of owl that is only found among ruins ; and is so purblind that it may be caught by any stratagem however silly.

Archbishop. An old woman in lawn sleeves. One who is paid by the state for superintending spiritual whitewashers, who pretend to have the art of taking black spots out of sinful souls.

Bailiff. A body-snatcher. One who provides you with a home if you happen to be without one. A constant follower of gentlemen who carry their estates on their back.

Balderdash. Speeches in the Common Council.

Ball. An assembly where persons of both sexes meet to jump about till they sweat, smell, and grow tired: observe, balls are reckoned of great utility in providing a cure for green sickness.

Bamboozling. Plausible lies, such as a lover's vow—a courtier's promise—a King's speech—a minister's budget—a parson's sermon—or a whore's blush.

Belly. The centre of attraction.

Booby. The lord mayor. By an easy transposition it is applied to any member of a corporate body.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

SIR,

ALLOW a constant reader of the *Scourge* to avail himself of your valuable and instructive miscellany to submit the question to the opinion of a liberal and enlightened public, whether the case of our unfortunate countrymen, who have dragged out a wearisome existence in hopeless indefinite bondage, in France, has ever been taken into due consideration by the British government? I include, under this description, as well those persons who were unjustly detained in France, on the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries, in direct violation of all the recognized laws of war and rights of nations, as the prisoner taken in actual service with weapons in his hands, or the masters, mates, and crews of merchant vessels, captured in their commercial pursuits. What numbers of our countrymen and fellow-subjects have been doomed to suffer and die, as it were, a slow and lingering death "in durance vile," exposed to the most barbarous treatment, and smarting under all the anguish of insulted worth and outraged feeling! Separated from their wives and families, cut off from all hope and prospect of release, they have lost the best years of their life in torpid and disgraceful inaction, their strength has been impaired, and their constitutions immediately

broken down and undermined, not less by their sufferings, than by the lapse of years. On their return to their native country, after such a long and cruel separation, they find themselves in a manner strangers and aliens, at home, and have neither the means to support themselves, nor contribute to the aid and relief of their afflicted families!

How many of these ruined and unfortunate men might (if ministers had listened to the dictates of humanity, and effected an exchange—reserving the question of national rights to future discussion, after the termination of the war) have vindicated their claim, by active service and personal bravery and skill, to some of those numerous badges of distinction so extensively multiplied, by the recent creation of a new military order! But, alas! whilst others were reaping laurels, obtaining titles, and gaining wealthy prizes, they—poor neglected wretches!—were pining in loathsome dungeons, smarting under the rod of oppression, writhing under the insupportable tortures of cowardly humiliation, exposed to every species of wanton aggression, and many of them literally debarred from sufficient sustenance!

That rank and honourable distinction should be the reward of military worth, is most incontrovertibly no more than just. Honour naturally excites to rivalry and emulation; and recompence, judiciously awarded, is at once the meed and encourager of merit. But has the soldier, has the sailor, who suffers long and cruel imprisonment, in the cause of his country, has he not an equal claim upon the national gratitude, with him who takes an active part? Is all merit necessarily confined and limited to fighting? The sailor, who loses a limb in the service, but preserves his liberty, is he more entitled to his country's thanks and munificence, than the sailor who loses his limb, and his liberty into the bargain? The daring tar, who succeeds in cutting out a prize under the very batteries of the enemy, and afterwards shares his

amount of the prize-money, is he more an object of national admiration and encouragement, than the equally daring sailor, who embarks in the same desperate enterprise, contributes, perhaps, essentially to its success, but has the misfortune to be wounded and intercepted in his retreat? His share, alas! of the honour and glory of the deed is indefinite bondage, and barbarous usage from the foe! Has any proposal ever been made by government, for rewarding these gallant sufferers? Has any spirited member of either of the two houses of the legislature advocated their cause? Has any patriotic speaker in the House of Commons, brought forward any measure for their comfort and relief?

Far be it from me, Mr. Editor, to speak lightly of the glorious achievements of our army and navy, so conspicuously manifested in the course of the late war; far from me to seek to undervalue the services of those, who have so eminently contributed to its auspicious termination, and so essentially illustrated the British character for manly daring and gallant exploit. But have our naval and military heroes done more of late years, than they have ever been wont to do? more than they have ever accomplished in all former campaigns, when not too glaringly unequally matched? They fought like Britons! they conquered like Britons! So did likewise the Marlborough's, the Cressy's, the Clifford's, the Percy's, with the whole host of noble worthies whose names grace the annals of British glory, in the impurpled plains of Blenheim, Minden, Hohenlinden, Bunker's Hill, &c. &c. But they received no outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace! Not that I mean to cast the remotest insinuation, or contumely on the adoption of honorable and distinctive badges of military merit. On the contrary, from a long residence abroad, and intimate acquaintance with a great number of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian officers, I have had an adequate opportunity of convincing myself of the salutary and beneficial effects

which those orders and decorations produce on the military character. They beget a spirit of conscious worth, a noble pride which aspires to continual advancement, and spurs on to manly daring and heroic enterprize. I only desire to see rewards impartially bestowed, to behold justice equally distributed, and *suffering* worth not excluded from the honours awarded to active bravery and zeal.

At my time of life, Mr. Editor, the illusions of fancy begin to dissipate, and lose their charm. The veteran beholds with apathy the pageantry, which appears so fascinating in the eyes of youth and inexperience. The admiration of the fair, and the homage paid by beauty to stars and garters, to ribbands and to crosses, experience a material abatement of their value, in proportion as the vital current relaxes of its impetuosity, and as the tumultuous glow of the passions subsides, through the natural effect of advanced years. I am now a complete convert to Voltaire's maxim—" *que le mortel le plus heureux est celui, qui ne sait rien craindre ; qui ne se laisse plus éblouir ; et qui vit et meurt inconnu.*"

Still, however, to recur to my original argument, I cannot refrain from contending that the case of the unfortunate prisoners of war, restored to their native country, by the late extraordinary events, is truly lamentable, and calls loudly for the notice and interposition of the legislature. Numbers of them, to my own personal and immediate knowledge, have not only irretrievably ruined their health and constitution by the hardships they have undergone, during a long, cruel, and hopeless captivity ; but their fortunes and pecuniary means have likewise been totally destroyed. Many of them have been under the mortifying necessity of knowing that their families have been compelled to apply for parochial relief ; and others, on their return to the "*snug little island*," for a sight of which they have in vain sighed for a series of years, and which they have never ceased to hail, by hope and fond antici-

* "He is the happiest of mortals who stands in dread of nothing ; who does not suffer himself to be deceived by false glare, and who lives and dies unknown."

pation, as the native soil and birth-place of freedom, have been again deprived of their liberty by some hard, unfeeling creditor, who with ruthless grasp has fastened upon the newly-emancipated husband, and plunged him in a gaol, for debts unavoidably contracted in his absence, to procure sustenance for his afflicted and unprotected family. Nay, what calls still more loudly for immediate legislative interference and redress—I could name several individuals just returned from ten and eleven years' bondage in a French prison, who, in order to save their own feelings from the mortifying reflection that their families should eat the bread of mendicity, and be indebted to parochial charity for their sorrowful support, have made over the whole of the little property they possessed, to be applied to the wants of their wives and children, preferring themselves to starve, in a French gaol, on the daily allowance of *three farthings per day*, rather than suffer their families to appear as paupers. Yet, would it be believed, the assessment of that odious and inquisitorial measure of finance, the PROPERTY-TAX, has been regularly and rigorously levied on this sacred deposit, and the harpy claws of the commissioners have unrelentingly fastened on the *widow's and the orphan's mite*.

In proof of the justice of my remarks, and to shew that the above statement is in no point of view whatever exaggerated, I shall instance the case of a friend of mine, who lately consulted that determined and vigorous opponent of ministers, Mr. WHITBREAD, Member for Bedford, on this very point. The person in question, at the time of his being made a prisoner, had a little patrimony accruing from the rent of a house, of the average annual value of fifty pounds. He had two motherless infants, the eldest about seven, the youngest four years of age. He directly gave a power of attorney to a friend to receive the said rent, and appropriate the same, in equal proportions, to the education of his two children. His captivity lasted upwards of ten years, during the whole of this period the assessment of the property or income-tax

has been invariably levied on this small mite, and the father, literally starving in a French prison, has been taxed to the same extent, and with the same unrelenting rigor, as the wealthiest stockholder who basks in the unclouded sun-shine of opulence and grandeur! Mr. WHITBREAD, in his letter, which is at this moment lying before me, laments that "my friend can have no redress under the law; he admits that it is a very hard case, but fears that no exemption is provided against it."

And is this not a subject, which calls imperiously for investigation and redress? I could state another case, that of a gentleman who served with honor and distinction during the whole course of the former French war, I mean the war of the revolution, and was a prisoner upwards of five years, previous to the treaty of Amiens. As a reward for his zeal and activity, he was appointed to a lucrative situation under government. His family looked up with exultation to the prospects which now presented themselves, and anticipated a long continuance of domestic happiness and comfort.

Family affairs occasioned the gentleman to pay a visit to Paris. Here he was enveloped in the no less sudden than general measure, which, with one grand sweep, constituted all British subjects, found on the territory of the French republic, prisoners of war. For sometime his salary, if not punctually, was however ultimately paid. Then ensued demurs; till at last payment was totally withheld. His wife and children were now plunged in the greatest distress; what little independent property he possessed, was gradually alienated and disposed of to supply the immediate exigencies of the moment—till at length even this resource was entirely exhausted and dried up. In this extreme distress, some friends of the family took compassion on the helpless wife and her children, and gave them an asylum in their own house—otherwise they must have inevitably come upon the parish.

The husband meanwhile remained fast-bound, in fo-

reign durance, and to add to the measure of his woes, his own sufferings doubly aggravated by the cruel reflection on the miseries, to which his wife and children must necessarily be exposed. Sick at heart with that worst of tormentors, "hope deferred," the lengthened years of thralldom passed slowly away in dull and almost senseless monotony of grief. Still one ray of hope at times gleamed across his way, to which he clung with fond tenacious gripe, as does the ship-wrecked mariner to the floating reed. This was the still cherished and indulged idea, that peace at last would put a period to his bondage, that a grateful country would soothe and redress his wrongs. Buoyed up with this expectancy, he relied on the promises repeatedly made to his wife, by several of his nominal friends, connected with men in power, all of whom assured him of recompence and indemnity. Ten years, however, is an ordeal, beyond the test of modern friendship. Many of the persons, on whose promises he depended, have either paid the debt to nature, or to political integrity, and are now out of office. On his return to England, he memorials to no purpose, his remonstrances are not attended to, his grievances disregarded, his claims not listened to, much less allowed. His name no longer figures in the Court Calendar, or Red Book, where it formerly perhaps occupied an honorable, if not a distinguished place. Whilst all Europe is celebrating the return of peace, and hailing its concomitant blessings of plenty and repose, the wretched, newly-emancipated prisoner of war partakes not of the triumph; he stands, as it were, isolated and alone, in the midst of his countrymen—an alien and stranger in his own native land, unrequited, unprotected, unrecompensed, and to all salutary purpose, unpitied—too poor to seek redress; unable to dig, and to beg ashamed!

Have we then no virtuous patriot left among us, who will advocate the cause of oppressed worth? No member of the legislature who will call the attention of ge-

vernment to this interesting topic? Will no public-spirited character, no WHITBREAD, no TIERNEY, no BURDETT, stand forth as the champion of the wretched prisoner of war, who has fought, bled, and suffered in his country's cause—and now finds penury and keen distress his sole reward? Will no voice raise itself in his behalf, and represent his cruel case to that august personage, who ought to be the father of all his people, but more especially so to those, who have been ruined in his cause? That illustrious personage, I love to persuade myself, would not fail, on a due representation of their deplorable lot, to take the necessary adequate means of succour and relief. He, no doubt, would graciously deign to pour the balm of consolation into their wounds, would provide for their pressing wants, would recompense their sufferings, and redress their wrongs.

EGYPT, (late a prisoner of war in France.)

Jan. 24, 1815.

PRESENT STATE OF MORALS AND SOCIETY, IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 128.)

FROM this mortifying reflection we gladly revert to more pleasing topics. In speaking of the public places of resort and amusement in Paris, it is not my design to enter into a prolix and elaborate description of the almost infinite variety of opportunities of diversion and recreation, with which this gay metropolis abounds. Such descriptions may be found in a number of manuals, sold at a very low price, and to be had at the corner of almost every street. But not to say a few words of an establishment, truly *unique* in its kind, and which may challenge the whole universe for a competitor (the reader will immediately devine that I allude to the

PALAIS-ROYAL,)

would subject me to the imputation at once of ignorance and want of taste.

In treating, however, of this extraordinary establishment, I shall refrain from touching on those points, which are already so amply handled, in the pamphlets to which I have above alluded. The origin of this edifice which, with reference to its multifarious and almost innumerable characteristics, might almost be termed a *practical epitome of human existence*, is well deserving of our notice. The place, which this singular building occupies, was originally a public walk, or *promenade*, the outer court only being occupied by the celebrated Cardinal *Richelieu*, who had his residence here. When the Duke de CHARTRES caused the trees to be dug up, and put a stop to the promenade, in order to construct the building now known by the name of the Palais-royal, all Paris was in an uproar, and libels, epigrams, and pasquinades were let off against the noble disturber of their favorite promenade, in every direction. The duke, who perfectly understood the character of his countrymen, and who, in projecting this building, had his eye not less directed to profit than to personal gratification, paid as little attention to the railing of the multitude, as he would have done to the croaking of so many frogs, carried his plan into deliberate execution, and having planted the open place inclosed by the square of this new building with trees, and divided it into four allies, opened it anew as a place of public resort and fashionable promenade. Now all Paris was on his side. The promenade of the *Palais-royal* took the lead of all other places of resort. Its coffee-houses were frequented by wits, its piazzas with its alleys by fops, and equally so by the ladies of pleasure, who unanimously adopted this spot as their head-quarters and principal rendezvous. The Duke who, throughout the whole of this undertaking, had been chiefly influenced by motives of gain and commerce

cial speculation, dexterously availed himself of this influx of gallantry and dissipation; gave encouragement to every species of luxury; threw open the innumerable apartments of his new building to tradesmen of every description, to the keepers of taverns, gambling-houses, and lady-abbesses; to milliners, pastry-cooks, jewellers, booksellers, taylors, toy-merchants, puppet-shewmen; in a word, to every art, profession, and occupation, calculated to tickle the fancy, inflame the imagination, excite the passions, satisfy desire, and gratify alike the epicure and the voluptuary. *Vaudevilles* were circulated in abundance, at the Duke's expence, both at court, and in the higher circles; but to these the Duke paid little or no heed, aware, that the man who makes money is sure, in the end, to have the laugh on his side. He even ventured to open a theatre in the *Palais-Royal*, which stood its ground for a considerable time. At present the theatre, *Montansier*, is converted into a very elegant coffee-house.

On the whole, the *Palais-Royal* is a sink of dissipation, a vortex of profligacy, ruin, and corruption, against which the inexperienced English visitor cannot be too much upon his guard. As a curiosity, as a *non-pareil* in its kind, it most unquestionably merits to be seen. But its gambling-houses, which are open every day, Sunday itself not excepted, (at least not at the time the writer of these remarks resided in Paris) from noon till midnight, and at which are to be seen crowded round the different tables an almost equal proportion of men and women, solely bent on gain, and adventuring the most desperate hazards, the melancholy results of which not unfrequently lead to the perpetration of *suicide*, present a dangerous rock, on which but too many have suffered shipwreck, alike of fortune and of character. The writer of this article could name a number of British subjects, with whom he became acquainted on his last visit to Paris, in the spring of the former year, who have had bitter cause to rue the moment they ever set foot in the *Palais-Royal*,

Amongst these were several midshipmen and masters mates of the royal navy, as likewise masters of merchant vessels, who after having been liberated from long, hopeless, and indefinite captivity, by the late equally brilliant and unprecedented events, received a *feuille de route* for the coast, by way of Paris. No sooner had they arrived in this vast and profligate metropolis, than they were recommended by some kind friend to take a stroll to the *Palais-Royal*. An Englishman, in foreign countries, is always an object of curiosity and fraudulent speculation, as well with black-legs, as with the chaste daughters of the Paphian goddess. The *Palais-Royal*, as already observed, teems with these artful, wheedling, alluring votaries of illicit pleasure, who, with unblushing face ply their disgraceful calling, and prowl in quest of dupes, in the open face of day. Some of them are dressed, or rather *undressed*, to the very top of the fashion, that is to say, appear in a state of almost absolute *nudity*. These syrens fasten with tenacious gripe on every inexperienced stranger. Excess in the *caveau* paves the way to excess in a more sequestered place; the gambling table is next resorted to—loss is the certain concomitant on *rouge-et-noir*, or the *pharo-table*. The *entre-sol* of these haunts of cupidity and desperate adventure, is generally occupied by a pawn-broker; the empty purse is for the moment recruited by the alienation of the watch, rings, &c. the produce of which in a few moments is again lost at the hazard-table. Many liberated English prisoners of war has the author met with in Paris who, in consequence of the seductions of the *Palais-Royal*, were reduced to a state of absolute starvation, and were ultimately indebted to the kind offices of some compassionate countryman for the means of continuing their journey to the coast. Happy those, who could afford even ten francs for a seat in one of the fish carts. Many, many were obliged to perform the journey to the coast, on foot “*the world before them, and Providence their guide.*”

It is not in the writer's plan to enter into a description of any other of the numerous places of public diversion and resort in Paris. He confines himself to merely recommending the following, which are truly worthy of being visited.—The *Jardin des Plantes* is at once a pleasant promenade, and affords an opportunity of unequalled instruction. Its collection of natural curiosities, which is open *gratis* to the public, is unquestionably the richest and the most scientific in the universe. The national library, formerly *Bibliothèque Impériale*, is likewise the first of its kind; after the example of all other public institutions at Paris, it is open *gratis*, and accessible to all. Its literary treasures are inappreciable. Of the *Museum Napoleon*, as it was lately called, of the superb gallery of paintings, statues, &c. in the *Louvre*, it would be superfluous to say a single word of comment. The *Luxemburg*, formerly the palace of the *Senate*, and the *Palais-Condé*, formerly appropriated to the sittings of the *Corps Legislatif*, in point of magnificence, grandeur, and the most exquisite taste, cast an indelible reproach upon the national establishments of this country, and must excite a smile of contempt with every intelligent foreigner, who enters the two houses of British legislature.

Another curiosity, not a little singular in its kind, and eminently entitled to notice and inspection, are the *catcombs*, near to the *Barriere d'Enfer*. But, to descend into these vaults, you must be provided with a written order, which, on application, is delivered *gratis*, by the director. The walls, as it were, of the numerous and intricate passages in these immense excavations, which stretch to an amazing extent, and if not upheld with due care, would threaten the utter subversion of the city of Paris, are formed of large piles of bones, skulls, &c. (the whole arranged with great skill and method) dug up from the different vaults, church-yards, and charnel-houses of Paris, in consequence of the salutary law issued by the French Convention, prohibiting all interments within the walls, and ordering all the burying-places

within the metropolis to be cleared, and their contents to be removed to this grand depository of human mortality. The different sanctuaries, from which these relics have been transported, are marked in large letters; conspicuous and appropriate inscriptions likewise point out the bones of those unfortunate victims of the revolution, who were butchered in the several prisons, in the dreadful massacres of September. The horror of this atrocious transaction is forcibly recalled to the mind of the spectator, by the holes and perforations visible in a great number of these skulls. There is likewise to be seen, in a separate groupe, a pile of bones, skulls, jaw-bones, &c. remarkable for exhibiting some striking contrast to the regular conformation of the human frame.

Numerous inscriptions, some in Latin, others in French, and not a few in the Greek language, from time to time arrest the passenger's attention, and impress upon his mind the vanity of sublunary affairs, together with the fragile tenure by which he holds his mortal existence. But even these awful *mementos-mori* bear the stamp of French levity, and versatility of character. One moment you are presented with a suitable *passage from holy writ*; the next a *deistical sentence* stares you full in the face. Among the latter, I particularly noticed the following quotation from the *Georgics* of Virgil; Book II. v. 490.

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

"Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum

"Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!"

I once more remind the reader that, in order to have a sight of this truly interesting spectacle, it is indispensibly necessary to be provided with a written card of permission. This the director, who lives very near to the *Barriere d'Enfer*, and whom I found to be a very worthy, polite, and affable man, never makes any difficulty of granting. I repeat this remark, because to my own immediate knowledge, several English gentlemen and ladies, who had a strong desire to visit these subterranean re-

positories of the dead, and had even repaired to the spot, but without having previously applied for permission, have been disappointed, and having put off their visit to the *cutacombs* to the last day of their abode in Paris, have been obliged to return to England, without accomplishing their object. It is likewise expedient for those, who descend into the *catacombs*, to furnish themselves with tapers, or torches, as it is not to be expected, that the person appointed to conduct them in this underground excursion, and who is not authorized to make any demand* for his trouble, can afford to be at this expence himself.

Among an almost infinite variety of institutions, with which the French metropolis abounds—there is one, which richly deserves not merely unqualified commendation, but which we should sincerely rejoice to see more generally adopted in this country. I allude, Mr. Editor, to the places of accommodation, and literary as well as political intelligence, known by the name of *Cabinets de Lecture*. In these, for a very moderate monthly or quarterly subscription, you have the advantage of perusing at your ease all the ephemeral productions of the press, such as public journals, magazines, reviews, and pamphlets of every description. There is likewise

* What a striking contrast does the French government, in this respect, hold out to the line of conduct pursued in this country! In France all public institutions, all national collections, are open *gratis*. In England the exact reverse is the case. In London, a person cannot even enter the metropolitan church of St. Paul's, without paying a fee to some greedy retainer of office. What a disgrace to the national character! How woefully does it debase and lower the genius of Great Britain, in the eye of foreigners! What severe—yet not more severe than merited—reflections, has the writer of this article heard thrown out, in various parts of the Continent, on the conduct of the London *Royal Academy*, and the *mercenary Exhibitions of Somerset-House!*

generally a pretty numerous collection of books, in the department of the *Belles Lettres*, the use of which the subscriber is entitled to. No liquor or refreshment of any kind whatever is sold at any of these places, so that your expences are strictly limited to the admission-money. In many of these *Cabinets de Lecture*, you can obtain entrance, without becoming a regular subscriber, for the trifling sum of two-pence a time. Pens and ink are at your disposal, if you wish to make extracts from any particular work, or to take minutes of any occurrence. One of the best of these institutions is the *Cabinet de Lecture*, kept by M. GALIGNANI, an Italian bookseller, who has a very extensive assortment of Italian, English, Spanish, and other foreign works, in the Rue Vivienne. Since the fall of Bonaparte, M. Galignani takes in the English newspapers, which formerly were most rigorously prohibited in France. Even during the short-lived peace, which followed the treaty of Amiens, and which the late Mr. Wyndham not unaptly characterized by the name of an *armed truce*—no English newspaper, (Bell's *Weekly Messenger* excepted) was permitted to circulate in France. Any keeper of a tavern, or coffee-house, who should have dared to take in any of the journals, printed on this side of the water, would have incurred instant imprisonment, and his house would have been shut up. Buonaparte's hatred of the freedom of the British press surpassed all conception. But at the same time, that he both feared and hated our newspapers, he was extremely anxious to be made acquainted with their contents. For this purpose a great number of translators were employed in the office of the Grand Juge, who had orders to translate every article in the English journals, which bore the remotest reference and allusion, either to Buonaparte himself, or to the measures of the French government in general. And so peremptory was Buonaparte in his injunctions, not to disguise or soften down a single expression, however severe or even scurrilous upon his own person, that he would frequently cause a second translation of a paragraph to be made, by a person clan-

destinely employed for that purpose, and who was not aware for what object his agency had been resorted to, in order to ascertain, whether his regular translators executed their trust with fidelity. If the result of such crafty expedient proved, that the first writer had not given the force, spirit, and malignity of the original, instant dismissal was the inevitable consequence, and not unfrequently imprisonment into the bargain. The writer of this article was personally acquainted with one of the principal translators employed in this service, of the name of Cholet, who had acted in the capacity of interpreter to Buonaparte, during his campaign in Italy.

A foreigner, who wishes to acquire the true pronunciation of the French language—a matter, by the bye, of extreme difficulty, and seldom perfectly obtained by those, who do not commence this study at an early age—must indispensibly visit Paris. The French have a peculiarly happy turn for conversation, and generally express themselves well. But it is by the lips of a pretty female, that the French language is spoken with elegance and grace. A few hours in the day, passed in the society of ladies of taste and fashion, will advance the young student incomparably more than twenty formal lessons by a master. At the same time it is not a little singular that a people, who express themselves so well, both in conversation and in familiar writing, should be, generally speaking, so miserably defective with respect to *orthography*. The writer of this article, from long observation and experience, has no dread of contradiction when he declares, that with the exception of those who come immediately under the denomination of *men of letters*, scarcely one person in a hundred, in France, spells his words correctly.

A very prominent and remarkable peculiarity of the French language, is the frequent application, and diversified signification of the word

MONSIEUR.

A stranger, who visits France for the first time would conceive himself insulted, if he were asked, whether he understands the meaning of the term? It is nevertheless a word of most varied and comprehensive interpretation, and in the daily intercourse of life admits of such an infinite diversity of import, that nothing but long and assiduous observance can adequately explain it. That the appellation of *Monsieur* is given, by way of honorable distinction, to the brother of the reigning monarch, is a matter of public notoriety. But that this little word should, in itself, form a kind of language in miniature, *in nuce*, and *in embryo*, is not so generally known. This, however is, notwithstanding a literal truth. Let two shoe-blacks, or rather *artistes*, I should have said, be seated over their *chopine* of wine, in a cabaret—*Monsieur le Dècroteur*, or *Monsieur l'Artiste*—exchanges reciprocally this title, with as much pomp as he would make use of the word, in speaking of *Monsieur, frère du roi*. After filling their glass, the right hand is politely lifted up to the cap, with the left hand he takes up his glass, knocks it gently against that of his comrade, and uncovering his head, drinks "*à votre santé, Monsieur!*"

"*Allons, Messieurs les forçats!*" roars out the jailor of the *Bicetre* to his prisoners, at the same time that he is exercising his whip on their back and shoulders.

Beaumarchais, in one of his comedies, very whimsically maintains, that a foreigner may travel all over England, with no other knowledge of the language, than the due and forcible utterance of the words, "*God damn.*" This hyperbole might be retorted with more justice upon the French nation, with reference to their use of the word *Monsieur*. In proof of this, I shall present the reader with the following dialogue, accompanied with the necessary comment, which took place at the Italian Opera, at Paris. The *dramatis personae* consist of a *Petit-maitre* or elegant; a *Procureur du Roi*; a *Hypochondriac*, and an English traveller. Scene, a box, in the Italian Opera-house.

Interesting conversation carried on with a single word. 209

Petit-maitre (enters the box, observes the *procureur* seated next to the door, and addresses him, with a very polite bow) *Monsieur!*

Procureur (returns the bow) *Monsieur!*—a short pause intervenes.

Petit-maitre (wishes to pass forward to a front seat—pushes by the *hypochondriac*, with very little ceremony, and says to him) *Monsieur!*

Hypochondriac (gives way very complacently, and replies in a friendly tone) *Monsieur!*

Petit-maitre treads upon the toes of the *hypochondriac*—the latter exclaims—*Monsieur!*

Petit-maitre (with a look and gesture, implying a kind of half-apology)—*Monsieur!*—Another pause.

Petit-maitre now turns round to the *English traveller*, who is provided with a book of the text of the opera,—and with a look, expressive of intreaty, says) *Monsieur!*

The *English traveller* (willing to manifest at once his urbanity, and his profound knowledge of the French language, very complacently hands the book to the *petit-maitre*, and repeats the word) *Monsieur!*

Here the reader has, *verbatim et literatim*, a whole half-hour's conversation, carried on with great interest between four persons, without the intervention of a single word, except that of *Monsieur*.

The last subject, on which I purpose to animadvert in the present essay, involves the *armed police* of the country, but too well known to the inhabitants, under the name of

GENDARMES.

This formidable and justly dreaded body well merits separate and distinct consideration. Since my arrival in England, I have frequently been questioned concerning their attributes and functions. To the British nation, generally speaking, they are little known; but all those subjects of the United Kingdom, who have had the misfortune to be made prisoners of war by the French, to their sorrow, know them but too well. It was to the

cruel, ferocious, blood-thirsty *gendarmes*, that Buonaparte delegated the custody and police of the British prisoners of war. Numbers of ill-treated British subjects, whom the late happy revolution in France has restored to their native country, still bear about their body (to the immediate and personal knowledge of the writer of this article,) the marks of the savage, cruel, and barbarous treatment they were made to undergo. To their experience the writer confidently appeals, for the truth of the statement he is now going to advance.

La Gendarmerie (such at least as this corps existed under the late tyranny of Buonaparte) constitutes the most tremendous engine of despotism and oppression. Equally detested by the civil and military orders, (for they are equally the terror and the scourge of both) they are the trusty and approved satellites of arbitrary power. The whole police of the country may be said to centre and be vested in their person. They are at once the thief-takers, the Bow-street runners, the constables, and, it might almost be added, the *jack-ketch* of France. It is the *gendarmes*, who tear the beardless *conscrit* from the bosom of his disconsolate mother, and the embraces of his weeping family—the *gendarmes*, who at all hours enter the house of the citizen, the peasant, the artizan, and the labourer—who scour and patrol the fields, the highways, and the woods, in search of deserters, murderers, robbers, and malefactors of every description. It is the *gendarmes*, who superintend alike all military and civil executions, who conduct the culprit to the pillory, or the guillotine—the *gendarmes*, who are charged with the honorable office of arresting all persons guilty, or suspected of crimes—the *gendarmes*, who frequently are themselves the authors of the false denunciations, in virtue of which they snatch the innocent victim from his peaceful home, and plunge him into damp and infected dungeons. It is the *gendarmes* finally, who by stated, and occasionally by extraordinary, correspondence (as they term it) transport from

brigade to brigade, from gaol to gaol, the numerous caravans of prisoners, conscripts, robbers, deserters, and assassins, chained and linked together, who drag their weak, exhausted, emaciated frame from one extremity of France to the other. A march of one thousand miles, *in chains*, under the escort and guidance of these humane and merciful conductors, is regarded as a mere *bagatelle* in France! The writer of this article states, as a positive fact, that Lieutenant C. of the royal navy, was marched from Toulon, *chained by the neck to a robber condemned to the galleys*, and lodged every night in a dungeon, with no other means of support than the *gaol allowance*, that is to say, a pound and a half of ammunition bread, and water, *ad libitum*. In this manner he was conducted, by the *gendarmes*, from brigade to brigade, till he arrived at Grenoble, where an Irish gentleman, formerly in the French service, under the reign of Louis XVI. interested himself in his behalf, waited upon the *Commandant de la Place*, as likewise on the *Prefet*, and by his intercession obtained for Lieutenant C. milder treatment, during the remainder of his journey to the depot of Verdun.

The *gendarmes* are divided into two distinct classes, *horse and foot gendarmes*. To be admitted into this body, it is requisite to have served four years in the regular troops of the line. By the strict regulations it is likewise necessary, that the candidate for admission into the *gendarmerie* should be able to read and write; but this injunction, it should seem, is not always scrupulously complied with; the author of these remarks having fallen in with several *gendarmes*, who were not able to sign their own name. The pay of a *foot gendarme* is fifteen pence per day, with a pound and a half of ammunition bread, and free residence. The government furnishes him with a musket and sabre; but he must clothe himself at his own expence. If married, his wife and male children are entitled, each to a pound and a half of bread per day.

The pay of a *horse gendarme* is three francs, or two shillings and sixpence, English money, per day. But he must purchase his horse himself, and a certain drawback is made upon his pay to form a fund in reserve, for the price of another horse, in case the one he actually possesses should die, or meet with any accident, which renders it incapable of service. Every village of note has a residence of *gendarmerie*, commensurate to its population. The stations of inferior consequence are commanded by a brigadeer, and generally consist of five *gendarmes*—the next gradation is a *Marechal des Logis*, with ten *gendarmes* under his orders. In large and populous cities, a lieutenant of *gendarmerie* is resident. The officer, who for several years commanded the depot of British prisoners of war at Verdun, was General WIRION, commandant of the *Legion of Honour*, and one of the four inspectors-general of *gendarmerie*. This cruel and rapacious wretch was at length suspended from his functions, in consequence of his bare-faced frauds and extortions, and summoned to Paris to undergo an investigation of his conduct. Buonaparte, however, *whispered* a word in his ear the day previous to his trial, the purport of which precluded his public exposure and disgrace. General WIRION very prudently took the hint, arranged his family affairs, drove to the *Bois de Boulogne*, and put a stop to all further proceedings, by blowing his brains out. By this act of self-justice, the *honour* of this blood-thirsty corps was saved, and much unwelcome revelation prevented. At the head of the *gendarmerie* stands Marshal *Moncey*, Duke of Connegliano.

In November of the year 1813, the author of this article happened to be at Metz, the capital of the department *de la Moselle*, when a *gendarme* was brought to trial, for an attempt to assassinate a British prisoner of war, of the name of VAUTIER, who had been captured under the orders of Admiral D'Auvergne, now restored to his rightful title and possessions, as Prince de Bouil-

lon, through the interest of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna. Very fortunately for the cause of justice and humanity, the *gendarme*, who committed this flagrant outrage, was not on duty at the time he attempted the murder. This circumstance occasioned him to be arraigned before a *civil*, instead of a *military* tribunal. The case was deliberately investigated, and the jury returned the unanimous verdict of "*Guilty!*" The president, after a very impressive speech, in which he expressly stated, that Bitche (the fortress in which the aforesaid Vautier was confined) had "long, too long, been a scene of murder and atrocity"—pronounced the sentence of the court, which was six years imprisonment, with condemnation to labour on the public works, (*travaux forcés*) and exposure in the pillory. The latter part of the sentence was carried into execution, in the market-place at Metz; but Buonaparte, on receiving the report of the tribunal, sent the offender a free pardon.

Very different would have been the result of the trial, had the *gendarme* been arraigned before a *military* tribunal. In proof of this assertion, I shall instance the case of Mr. THEOPHILUS THOMPSON, midshipman in the royal navy, who was murdered, without any provocation, by a drunken sentinel, at Bitche. His fellow-prisoners at that gloomy fortress, enraged at the wanton assassination of their countryman, and weary of the barbarous treatment to which they were themselves incessantly exposed, contrived with no small difficulty and expence, to transmit a complaint to his excellency, the minister of war, at Paris. After long delay, orders were sent to convene a military commission for the trial of the murderer, at Metz. The court consisted of five officers, with a lieutenant of *gendarmerie*, as counsel for the crown. (*Rapporteur impérial.*) The murderer was not only acquitted, but received public thanks from the members of the military commission. The English prisoners, who were summoned as witnesses on the trial,

were marched to Metz, *in irons*, and locked up in a dungeon, on bread and water. After the acquittal of the culprit, they were reconducted, by the *gendarmérie*, *in irons*, to their execrable abode.

The murder of Mr. THEOPHILUS THOMPSON took place at Bitche, on the day of the rejoicings for the birth of the so called *King of Rome*. General MAISON-NEUVE, who commands that formidable fort, on being informed of Mr. Thompson's death, ordered the garrison to beat to arms, marched the troops into the court of the prison, drew them up in battle array, and then, by way of silencing the complaints made against the murderer, told the prisoners, that "they ought not to take up the business so warmly; it was indeed a misfortune—but what could be done? It was a day of public rejoicing, and every body was making merry, *il ne faut pas regarder les choses de si près; c'est bien un malheur; mais, que voulez-vous? c'est aujourd'hui fête, et tout le monde se réjouit.*")

This self-same General MAISON-NEUVE is at once one of the greatest blockheads and the greatest tyrant, that ever wore the human form. He bears an inveterate hatred to the English nation, founded perhaps in no small degree on the circumstance of his having lost his left arm, by a shot from an English gun, at the siege of Pondicherry. At the breaking out of the French revolution, General MAISON-NEUVE moved in the humble sphere of supernumerary-warden, in the military hospital at Metz. He very adroitly availed himself of this favourable opportunity of *fishing in troubled waters*, became an infuriate *sans-culotte* and jacobin, and gradually worked himself into notice, by his zeal and sanguinary activity. It was he who directed the murder of two British seamen, COX and MARSHALL, at Bitche, in the spring of the year 1804. These unfortunate men had projected a plan of escape, which General MAISON-NEUVE, for his own private aggrandizement, magnified into a dangerous

insurrection, combined with a plot for blowing up the powder-magazine. He represented the business in this light to the French government, and in reward for his zealous services received the decoration of the *legion of honour* !

I am, Mr. Editor, &c.

REGULUS.

To the Editor of the Scourge.

SIR,

I AM a British sailor, which, as I am no scholar, will, I hope, excuse my bad language; for I assure you, I don't mean to be unmannerly, only I am told folks on shore think it very bad manners to be told the truth, but which I think isn't the case with you; so I am going to tell you a bit of my mind on my coming from America. Is not it d—d hard, Mr. Editor, after a fellow has been *scourging* the Monsieurs for these twenty years, to be *scourged* at last by the Yankees—and all for what?—why, because the Lords of the Admiralty want a little common sense *scourged* into their lubberly heads. Mayhap, they think it less expensive to have their small ships battered and taken by the Yankees, than to fit out large ships to batter and take them. This may be prudent, but 'tis cursed disgraceful. It is well known that every American mounts one-third more guns than she rates; and our ships never mount more but often less than they are rated. The Americans are always double-manned; we are always short-handed. There is the Newcastle, now Lord George Stewart, one of the frigates under Sir George Collier, looking after the American squadron, seventy-four men short of complement. Let the Admiralty contradict this if they dare. With whom lies the disgrace if she is taken—not with her captain and crew—one cannot fight successively against TEN, and of what use is it, when a vessel mounting 50 guns, she has only hands to man 38, but to make it look disgraceful to be taken by

one that carries fifty heavier guns, all double-manned? In such a case, were I skipper, I'd throw the useless metal overboard, and let the world see clearly I was sent out on purpose to be taken. And is there not ten thousand sailors now out of employment, and as many good shipwrights able to build similar craft to the Yankees, if any one above them could give directions how to do it? But Nobody knows how. Ah! that Nobody is a great block-head, who for the last few years has had the mis-directing of our naval affairs. It was only the other day a bundle of sloops of war were built to equal those of America; but somehow 'twas found out that if they were put under sail they would all capsize, so their sides were sheathed with several tons of timber each, and then they did sail; but not so fast as to catch a snail on a rainy morning.—Ah! Mr. Nobody.

I remember last war the PREACHING Admiral—what d'ye call him—that's been preaching at Ghent lately—Oh! Old Gambier, had the *Courageux*, 74, built upon what we sailors always call the “Methodist construction.” She was bolt upright, of a huge size, and carried 80 guns. Her first cruize she reached the Downs from the Nore, and if Providence had not carried away her main topmast in a squall, she would have upset, and sent all her crew to David's Locker. Well, to make her stiff, they hove in more ballast, and then she did sail; but on her broadside, like a crab, and so low in the water, (even in a calm,) that the lower deck-ports could not be hauled up, so the whole of that tier of guns were rendered useless. Perhaps Old Gam had the American war in view, and, as a cheap method, tried if a line of battle-ship, sunk down to a frigate, might not be a match for a Yankee.—What says Mr. Nobody to this?—Captain Hood, as good a seaman as ever had his fin to a tar-bucket, commanded the *Courageux*, and was so convinced of her uselessness that he left her in Torbay, and went on board the little, rotten old *Venerable*.

table, 74, in preference. Let the Admiralty contradict this if they dare.

I am told we have made peace with America; I believe it is the first time England was ever *scourged* into a peace before. It won't do—the sailors can't bolt it—they must thrash Jonathan now, or, by the Lord, by and bye, when all's quiet, and an Englishman chances to run foul of an American—they'll be at it "hammer and tongs," without *axing* leave of king or country.

Well, thanks be to God, here I am after two years' dodging round the American sea, burning towns, palaces, cottages, barns, powder-mills, flour-mills, and pigsties—bad work, Mr. Editor, both for soldiers and sailors—Mayhap you have'nt heard it. Just before I left America our army, that took Washington in a hurry, wanted to take Boston in a hurry also—our General being in a hurry, for fear another General should come and rob him of his glory and prize-money, which he expected. Somehow or another, the army lost their way, their leader lost his life, and God knows what might have been our fate had not we, by the best good luck, at the very moment we heard the army was defeated, discovered that the harbour's mouth was choked up with sunken vessels, and we could not get in. Here was a miracle interfered to save us. We, who had been three weeks off that harbour, never knew till that critical moment that it was no use for the army to advance, as we could not get into the harbour to help them—but such fortunate things often happen, when there is (as there should be) a good understanding between the land and sea services. My wife PEG put a news into my claw last night that calls this *skrimmage* a victory; mayhap it may be, as good as Pulteney's at Ferrol, Murray's at Tarragona, or Lake's at Castlebar. You see, I reads a little, and can make *comparisements*. Father taught me in Portsmouth dockyard—God bless him! Castlebar reminds me of that Irishman, Mr. Castlereagh, who brought the union over

from Ireland. When PEG told me he had gone to Congress, I thought he had turned coat, (as he is used to it,) and gone over to Congress in America, to make another union, and sell us, the same as they say he did his own country. I am glad 't isn't so, for I know the Yankees too well to expect any good of them; but PEG tells me this Irish gentleman is only gone among the rest to give away two kingdoms that don't belong to him, and transfer two or three millions of folks from one man to another; the same as one ward-room steward exchanges hogs for sheep with another, when it suits his purpose, and the appetites of his masters; but that's neither here nor there, so as he lets us have a slap, on fair terms, with the Yankees.

I have prepared a cat-o'nine-tails, which I mean to send to yeu, that you may begin to exercise it at Whitehall, and make every soul run the gauntlet, from the man at the helm to the look-out at the bowsprit end, until you get them into the snug roadstead of common sense. At present they are all jamm'd, like Jackson, between the fly of the ensign and the north-pole, sea-room enough, yet always running aground.—I beg you will accept a *bakky-box*, made of American pine, such as they build their frigates of; on the lid is curiously carved, by a Yankee, named Decatur, the likeness of old Cockburn setting fire to a printing-house at Washington. By the bye, this *fiery* old fellow is coming home, so I'd advise you to insure your house, or by the Lord Harry he'll throw a burning-match among your types. I have filled the box with some best Virginia, which we stole at the mouth of the Chesapeake in a *Hardy* manner. I would send more, but in that cursed country a body can scarcely get a quid without being sent to quod for it. A torpedo, that blew up under the stern of our ship, paralyzed all our pilfering qualities for a long time. I had laid up a good store of shag, which I meant to divide amongst my friends; but PEG, who loves a good pipe every night,

whipt all my shag into her box, for her own use, the very minute I landed.

I had nearly forgot to tell you a *rum* joke that happened aboard of our ship since we came home. The captain, one morning, had the hands turned up, and the gratings lashed, as though he were going to flog somebody; when he lugged out of his side-port a long paper, mayhap two fathoms from stem to stern, then he pulled off his laced three-cornered scraper, as he always does when he reads the King's articles of war. Says he, (for he's mighty good at a speech (his brother being member in parliament for a string of Scotch boroughs;) says he, "This here paper you must all sign, or put your cross to it; 'tis for raising a monument to the late *great* Lord Melville, who was first Lord of the Admiralty before he was tried for the ten thousand pounds which he accounted for, *to the best of his recollection*." Now his son is first Lord; so if you honor the father, the son will put many a glass of grog in your way; and if you don't, may be he'll be a 'spoke in your wheels,' the longest day you have to live, and, may be, so will I;" said he, darting a look at the grating, and master-at-arms, which put us all in a state of petrification, and made us run like mad-dogs to put down our names for a week's pay each, as we were ordered; for my part, my back never ceased itching till I had touched the pen, while the captain's clerk made a cross for me. Now this kind of *voluntary* subscription by *compulsion*, sticks in my gizzard, and I want to know when this Lord Melville dies, if his son will have his place, (for I suppose its entailed on the family,) and if I shall have to give another week's pay to honor his father also, I'd rather put down a month, and raise a **FAMILY** monument at once.

Perhaps some of the family might recollect where that said ten thousand pounds is, which would raise a very proper monument to Lord Melville's memory. Such a one as that raised to the memory of an ancient illustrious

character, one *Sir Judas Iscariot*, who after pointing out his master in the garden, '*to the best of his recollection*;' and having him murdered, threw down the purchase-money, and hanged himself; however, the money was found (so may this be,) and a field bought with it to bury all strangers in who might be at Jerusalem, dead or alive. Suppose then, this ten thousand pounds be sought for, and appropriated to purchasing a field for burying in it all *Scotchmen* who may chance to be in London, dead or alive, his lordship's name would be as immortal as that of Judas; and as the monument erected to him was called "the field of blood," let the one which is to emblazon the First Lord's *virtues* be known by the name of "the field of corruption."

You see I have read a bit in my time; in truth, the King allows us the bible, and we allow ourselves Joe Miller, the Lives of the Admirals, and Dibden's song book, so we are not badly off for morality on board of ship. But avast, heaving PEG has just dropt down the sheet-anchor, and I must grapple alongside of her in Blanket-bay. Excuse this long letter, 'tis the first I have written this three years; if you print it I will thank you. I love every thing in print but the articles of war.

Yours, truly and for ever,

JACK JUNK.

*On board the sign of the Lovely Peggy,
near Wapping Docks.*

SPOILS OF LITERATURE.

THERE are few circumstances connected with the history of literature more instructive and amusing than the disparity between merit and reward; between the exaltation and emolument of dullness, buffoonery, or impertinence, and the depression of learning, modesty, and

genius. Since the age of Elizabeth, the rewards of literary labor and poetical skill appear to have been a proportion directly inverse to the quantity of desert, and while it is yet recorded that the pitiful remuneration of ten pounds was regarded as no inadequate compensation for the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, the Scotts, the Wordsworths, and the Southseys, come forth in all the pomposity of ponderous quartos, beautiful to the eye, and expensive to the pocket.

Even Pope, the most deserving of our national poets, and the most successful in the conversion of his literary labors, to the purposes of personal emolument, would have been astonished to witness the annual manufacture of a saleable quarto, and proud as he was of his phalanges and his grotto, would have smiled with contemptuous surprize at the proposal of an augmentation to his estate by the production of a yearly epic. The sums expended on the embellishments of *Rokeby*, or the *Lord of the Isles*, would have rendered the life of Dryden one uniform scene of felicity and peace. An hundredth part of the copy-money received by Mr. Scott in the course of a single year, would have preserved Massenger from a prison, and Chatterton from suicide. The honest, industrious, and learned Stowe struggled throughout the latter years of his life with every form of pecuniary embarrassment, and the pompous and pragmatistical Pinkerton of the present day, thrums his pianos and his wenches to the tune of twelve hundred a year.

That obtrusion and imbecillity so gross as those which distinguish many of the literary candidates for public favor, should be thus lavishly rewarded, is deeply to be regretted by every friend to the interests of learning and the *belles-lettres*, not merely on account of its actual disproportion to the real merit of their productions, but because it tends to divert from its proper and regular channel, those sources of support, and of income, which might cherish and maintain the legitimate labourers in the

fields of literature. The really deserving portion of the literary community is left to pine in necessity and despair while the manufacturers of quartos absorb the attention of the public, and the money of the bookseller.

Did the liberality of public indulgence; or the pecuniary expenditure of the publishers of the Row, contribute to animate the exertions, and awaken the gratitude of the individuals on whom they are so generously bestowed, the extent of their emoluments might be regarded as honorable to themselves and advantageous to the public. But the negligence and rapacity of these gentlemen appear to keep pace with the indulgence and liberality of their patrons. It never occurs to these mercenary dealers in tales of sympathy, and scenes of chivalrous generosity, that the trade of a poetical pick-pocket only differs from that of his brother pedestrian by the greater extent of its atrocity. Their depredations on the public purse are proportioned to the liberality with which its strings are opened, till the system of fleecing has become so common and so familiar that a successful poet regards it as one of the peculiar privileges of his profession.

It has been contended indeed with unexampled imprudence that the expenditure of the public is voluntary: that the purchase of every new publication is perfectly optional, that imposition may once be successful but cannot be repeated, and that a public writer has no other certain criterion of the value of his own works than their confined or extended circulation. The fallacious and contemptible nature of these excuses, will be most readily decided by a reference to the common business of human life. We should term the jeweller, who under the confidence obtained by the punctuality and integrity with which he executed our first commands, imposed upon us in a second and more important purchase, platinum for silver, or petit-or for gold, by no appellation more gentle and polite than that of a swindler. If there

be any line of conduct that deserves the epithet of dishonest, it is that of the manufacturer, whether of jewellery or of verse, who obtains a succession of liberal and approving customers by the excellence which distinguishes the first exhibition of his wares, and then substitutes in his future deliveries, and on the credit of his name, paste and tinsel for standard gold and diamonds of the first water. It would be difficult to explain for what reason a quarto of nonsense, and of second-hand versification for which two guineas are demanded and paid, is less chargeable at a gross and deliberate fraud upon the unthinking purchaser, than artificial jewels, or adulterated plate.

A writer of the class which we have described comes forward unknowing and unknown, overpowered by apparent diffidence, and too happy in the distant expectation of obtaining by his first production even the boon of critical indulgence. His own merits, the good nature of the literary world, and the exertion of his booksellers, obtain a circulation for his work equally disproportionate to his hopes and his deserts. The booksellers find his name a profitable speculation; they offer him a handsome sum for another production in the style and manner of that which has obtained extensive popularity; he accepts their proposal, and his quarto is ready at the commencement of the season. The admirer of poetical talent, and the critical friends whose expectations have been excited by the promise displayed in his first effusion, pay the additional price for conveyance by the mail, sacrifice their dinners or their places at the theatre, to the anticipated luxury of enjoying a *second Lay* (unfortunately not the *last*) and discover to their mortification and astonishment, like the Spaniard in *Gil Blas*, that they have only repurchased the patches and remnants of a former bargain. Perhaps Mr. — may be willing to exclaim in the language of the rag-merchant, his prototype, 'Graces au ciel, Je suis le seul fripier qui ait la morale.'

The preceding observations are not levelled against the conduct or the talents of any particular individual. We regard them as generally applicable to the race of popular prose-writers and poets, but more particularly to the latter. Except Lord Byron, none of the numerous voyagers to Parnassus, have a right to censure each other, or to assume the praise of superior integrity. Mr. Moore indeed may claim the merit of sincerity, and demand the ascription of the same honors which await the culprit at a different tribunal from that of criticism, who first commit the faux-pas and then confesses it. But what shall we say of the meek, sentimental, sympathetic and all-benevolent Mr. Wordsworth. It might, on superficial reflection, have been imagined that so solitary, so philanthropic, and so abstinent a being would have disdained the temptation of base lucre, and in his regard to the general instruction and amusement of mankind, in his love of simplicity and abhorrence of ostentation, he would have been contented with a legible type, on humble margin, and a moderate price. A man like him should have disdained the pomposity of quartos, and the extortion (we beg pardon for using the word) of two guineas. Yet, strange to say, this immaculate and virtuous enthusiast has ventured upon a mercantile speculation that would scarcely have become the character of his own pedlar, and has published "*The Excursion, a Portion of the Recluse,*" a poem, price £2. 2s. 0. If we may form our conclusion of the extent of his future demands on the public purse by the "*Portion*" before us, *twenty* guineas is the price at which the easy and the credulous, will be solicited to purchase *ten volumes* of affectation, quaintness, and absurdity. A shilling pamphlet would contain all the tolerable passages of his book, and would have exalted the reputation of their author, without injustice to his friends. That the other *portions* will be equally productive with the present no one but Mr. Wordsworth himself will expect; that he

should endeavour to take so decided an advantage of the public favor, is deeply to be lamented.

Yet, compared with the offences of Mr. Scott, the trespasses of Mr. Wordsworth may be regarded with complacency. *He*, at least, was not oppressed by the load of gratitude. *He* had never been *much* a favorite of the public; he had not commanded from the liberality of his readers, his annual thousands, nor shared in the ample revenues of a Ballantyne. Mr. Scott, instead of repaying the generosity of the public by commensurate assiduity, or justifying the plaudits and the patronage of his friends by returning their kindness and justifying their expectations, has come forward in the present year, as the author of a quarto, abounding in all the faults, and extravagancies of his former productions, with few redeeming beauties, or striking excellencies. He appears to have hazarded the volume as an experiment how far the general profusion or credulity would extend, and how frequently that many-headed monster, the public, would return to its vomit. The best passages of the Lord of the Isles, (and they are only good when they are compared with the doggrel by which they are surrounded) are repetitions, almost verbal, of his previous efforts; while in addition to all his former deformities, he has presented us, on the present occasion, with several that may claim the merit of perfect originality. We are sorry that the circumscription of our limits will not permit us to dwell at proportionate length on the grammatical incorrectness, the affectation, the feebleness, the tautology, the bad taste, and the absurdity of his motley volume, but we shall take an early opportunity of exposing in detail the inexcusable deficiencies and deformities of a work so disgraceful to its author, and injurious to the interests of genuine poetry.

ORATORIOS, SACRED DRAMAS,
MYSTERIES, &c.

THE custom of giving representations, shows, processions, and other exhibitions, connected with sacred history, during the period of Lent, from which the introduction of oratorios takes its rise, dates from a very remote period. They were not only very common in Italy, and various parts of the Continent, but found their way into this country almost as early as the conquest. One William Stephandus, a monk of Canterbury, who lived under the reign of Henry the Second, makes mention of "certain interludes performed in London, consisting of representations of the miracles wrought by the holy confessors of the church, as likewise of the sufferings, which exhibit in so conspicuous a light the glorious constancy of the martyrs." As the aforesaid author does not speak of these sacred interludes, as novelties, it is but fair to presume, that they were in common use and vogue at his time, and that they had been established at a much earlier period.

But the first instance, in which we find express mention made of the representation of *Mysteries*, in England, occurred in the year 1378, when the scholars of Paul's school presented a petition to Richard II. praying that monarch to "prohibit certain unskilful and unqualified persons from representing the history of the Old Testament; to the great scandal of devout souls, as likewise to the great prejudice of the clergy, who had been at great pains and expence, in getting up the same?"

With the progress of civilization and correct taste, the performance of these crude and not unfrequently scandalous dramas, founded on scriptural story, became less frequent, and at length was totally abolished in England. But in Roman Catholic countries they maintained their sway, till within these very few years past. The writer of this article was present at a procession, which took place about thirty years ago in Flanders, in which country the priests at that time possessed uncontrouled ascendancy and dominion.

An immense concourse of people, of both sexes, and of all ranks and descriptions, assembled at an early hour to witness this delectable exhibition. In the first carriage was seated a venerable figure, with a long and comely beard, as the symbol of the Father—next followed a gilt image of the Virgin Mary, drawn by four horses, with a dove hovering over her head, which was graced with a crown, and environed with stars. The vehicle in which the image of the Virgin was placed, was a kind of covered waggon, in the top of which a quantity of small holes were made, for the purpose of letting appear a number of painted heads, with wings at their ears, designed to represent the host of *cherubim* and *seraphim*, who are portrayed by the artists as beings without a body. Next followed a carriage surmounted by angels and arch-angels, with a figure of Christ in the front, his head crowned with thorns, a reed in his right hand, and a heavy cross between his legs, resting on his left shoulder. Then a long groupe of priests, monks, and ecclesiasties, two and two, chaunting hymns, followed by a number of young boys, some carrying incense-pans, others the consecrated banners of the church, as likewise paintings attached to long poles, commemorative of the martyrdom and exploits of particular saints.

Immediately in the rear of these, marched Cain and Abel, the latter habited in white, with a frightful wound painted on his forehead. His left hand held a band of red silk, to which was fastened a snow-white lamb, decked with garlands of flowers, and which Abel ever and anon fed with pieces of cake. Cain was drest in a dirty shepherd's frock, supporting a huge knotty club on his shoulder.—He, however, conversed occasionally very friendly with Abel, and upon the whole conducted himself in a very brotherly manner towards him. Next came four butchers, in appropriate habits, each armed with a formidable knife, and a steel at their girdle, leading a ram, with a large bramble-bush tied round his

horns, as described in Genesis, chap, 22. verse 13. To these succeeded Sampson, brandishing in his hand an enormous jaw-bone of an ass, made of wood, and newly painted. At his heels followed a numerous body of Philistines, dressed in armour, after the Roman fashion. Then appeared David, with a guitar in his hand, chaunting in most audible voice the *de profundis*, and escorted by a whole army of Hussars, Heiducs, and Pandours, with muskets and fixed bayonets.

Now came personages of note, recorded in the New Testament. Herod, the Tetrarch, walked arm in arm with the three wise men of the east, or kings, as they are styled in the Roman Catholic tradition. Then the twelve apostles; Peter in the front, with the heavenly keys; Judas, in the rear, rattling a bag, supposed to contain money. Pontius Pilate appeared between two confessors, ever and anon washing his hands, which were painted red, to no purpose. Like *Macbeth*, he found it impossible to efface the blood-stained evidence of his crime. St. Paul, St. Luke, and St. Mark, formed the next trio; to which succeeded an almost endless groupe of fathers, saints, martyrs, and confessors, not forgetting St. Lawrence, before whom a mighty grid-iron was borne. In a word, it is impossible for the most wild and extravagant imagination, to conceive a scene more superlatively ludicrous and farcical. Vast number of protestants joined in the mob, assembled together, to witness this extraordinary procession. Several of the latter, who neglected to uncover their heads, the moment they heard the cry of "*chapeau bas*," were incontinently knocked down, either by the populace, or by some of the armed guard, who assisted at the ceremony. Four altars were erected in different quarters of the town, and the streets, through which the procession passed, were strewn with flowers, and the walls of the houses hung with tapistry. The prelate himself walked at the head of the clergy, under a magnificent canopy carried by soldiers; and the four

corners of which were held by persons of the first distinction; at each altar, the priest dispensed his benediction to the populace. The whole assembly on this occasion fell devoutly on their knees, and cannon were fired off at intervals, to enhance the solemnity.

It has already been remarked, that any token of disapprobation or irreverence, such, for instance, as not taking off the hat, was followed up by immediate rebuke. In addition to a number of persons, who received blows and other acts of violence, for their contumacy, a circumstance of the most tragic nature, occurred on the present occasion. A very amiable, industrious tradesman, of the protestant persuasion, had long paid his addresses to a young woman, neice to one of the principal priests of the cathedral. The latter had exerted all his influence with his relation, to dissuade her from giving her hand to her suitor; by representing the danger to which she would expose herself, by marrying a *heretic*. Things were in this predicament when the procession above-mentioned took place. The uncle of the young woman was the representative of the Apostle Paul. Her lover was among the crowd, whom curiosity had attracted to behold the ceremony. On seeing the uncle of his *inamorata* pass, the young man had the indiscretion to reproach him with his uncharitable interference, and among other disrespectful epithets, called him *Judas*. The priest immediately turned round, and harangued the populace. The young man was instantly laid hold of, and hung up to a lamp-post. But this giving way, the priest himself, without further ceremony, entered a carpenter's shop, which happened to be close at hand, laid hold of a saw, and with his own hands, sawed the young man's head completely from his body. No further notice was taken of this abominable transaction; the priest rejoined his fraternity, and the procession continued its course, without any let or molestation.

Had the writer of this article not been an eye-witness

of this tragical catastrophe, he would not have ventured to relate it. There are no doubt many persons still living, one of whom he intimately knows, Mr. Vandeneynde, of Brussels, who can bear witness to the truth and justice of his statement.

UNIVERSITY INTOLERANCE.

SIR,

As ever since the institution of your interesting miscellany you have shewn yourself the steady defender of the constitutional rights and liberties of Englishmen, I trust, that on the present occasion, your independent principle will incline you to give publicity to the following observations. You no doubt, Sir, have heard of the continual outrages and insults to which the inhabitants of an university town are exposed from the riot and debauchery of the depraved and worthless part of an university. To this assertion your answer undoubtedly will be—"the courts of justice in England are open to every man, and consequently any one sustaining an injury similar to that complained of, may infallibly meet with redress."—But how fallacious such an expectation is, Sir, is well known to every one who has as hitherto sought for that redress. You are probably aware, that the members of the universities of this land have the privilege of suing, and being sued in their own courts, which in England are known by the name of the Vice-chancellor's courts. In Cambridge the power of this court extends over the town of Cambridge and its suburbs, but in Oxford the university court claims consuance of all causes and offences (mayhem and murder excepted, and in the punishment even of these crimes it contrives to thrust in its interested power, in order to screen its members from the avenging power of the constitutional law of the land,) in which any of its members may be concerned in whatever part of the country such cause of action may have originated, or the

offence have been committed. The consequence of this uncontroled, unlimited, and I must say, unconstitutional and impolitic authority, which the University of Oxford is entitled to exercise is, that, should a member of that university commit an offence of the most aggravated nature against a helpless unoffending fellow-creature, no redress can be obtained against the offender, but in the court of the university to which he belongs, for should he be sued in any of the courts at Westminster, he may plead his privilege of being sued in the Vice-Chancellor's court, in abatement of the action (of which odious evasion of justice the members of the universities seldom omit to avail themselves,) the university of course claims consuance of the cause, and the injured party is obliged to pursue the offender into the university court, and consequently, is compelled to carry his witnesses thither, although they may be resident in the remotest part of the island—a circumstance admirably contrived to evade justice, and which evidently shews the impolicy of the privilege complained of, as every friendless unprotected man is thereby disenabled from bringing his oppressor to punishment, who, escaping with impunity, is emboldened to a repetition of his outrages and offences against the weak and harmless part of his fellow-men. You will certainly be disposed to think that this statement is nothing but the creature of a heated imagination, and has no foundation in fact. I think I hear you exclaim “And is not justice to be found in the privileged courts of the universities.” Are not the constituent members of those courts as well qualified as the judges of the courts are, which are regulated by the laws of the land, to investigate evidence, to detect falsehood, and to elicit truth? Can not the one be equally as impartial and unbiassed by the selfish prejudices of the heart as the other? Surely those who preside over the sacred fanes of learning—who attend the fountain of pure religion—are employed in the ministration of its offices—in preach-

ing Christian charity, forgiveness, and righteousness—and in rearing the youth of this great empire to the love of justice, of truth, and of virtue. Surely such men can never sacrifice to the base feelings of local prejudices and local attachments, the character of administering impartial and substantial justice, in all cases in which they may be called upon to exercise their authority, although one of the parties at issue should not be fortunate enough to belong to their body. Surely this can never be the case? I cannot—I will not harbour such a thought. Facts alone shall convince me.” Let facts then, Sir, speak for themselves. Ask any one who has been injured or insulted by an university man, whether he feels disposed to seek for redress in the university courts? His answer will be, (for I can speak from experience,)—“Sooner than I will add to my calamity the certainty of being held up to scorn and derision, for my folly in expecting redress in a court which is governed by laws unknown to the constitution, and which seldom or never decides but in favour of its body, I will endeavor to forget the injury which I have sustained. I will leave the vindication of my cause to the mercy of a just God. I will forget that the ministers of his word and his will can, in their dealings with his creatures, be influenced by partiality, caprice, or injustice.” This, Sir, would be his declaration—Let those who have suffered from university intolerance and injustice, judge of its truth and accuracy.

Causes, Sir, calculated to give birth to these reflections, are of daily and nightly occurrence in our university towns. But the outrage, attended with the most aggravated circumstances, which has happened within the means of my knowledge, occurred on the morning of Saturday the 11th instant.—The facts are briefly these:—A gentleman of unblemished character, a member of the University at Cambridge, and of the Society of the Inner Temple, and who is not unknown in the literary

world, having occasion to visit Oxford on business, employed his leisure hours in viewing the colleges and public buildings of the university. In the course of his rambles, he was asked several impertinent questions by one of the undergraduates of Merton college, and on his return to the inn, at which he had put up, some of the members of that college, had, in company with a police officer, been making enquiries respecting him, and his object in going to Oxford.—Coupling together the questions which had been proposed to him, and the nature of the enquiries made at the inn, he could not mistake their meaning. Indignant at the foul imputation which he clearly saw was intended to be cast upon his character, he immediately went down to the college for an explanation, when the college gates were shut upon him, and for the space of three quarters of an hour he was detained in custody, insulted and irritated in the most outrageous manner; accused of being a thief, although the men of Merton had some hours previously ascertained his character, and that the robbery had been committed two days previous to his arrival in Oxford, and that the police officer who was in the college stepped up and said “that is a gentleman of fair character; I have made enquiries respecting him, and find him to be a respectable man.” These, Sir, are the outlines of this most atrocious injury and outrage. Should you be inclined to insert the particulars of it in your miscellany, I will transmit them to you authenticated with the signature and place of the party who has sustained the injury, if you will be so obliging as to insert a hint signifying your wish among the notices to your correspondents. I beg, Sir, also to apprise you that the case has been laid before Mr. Tidd, the counsel, for his opinion, who regrets that no redress can be obtained for this aggravated injury, but in the Vice-chancellor’s court. That redress which wounded honour flies to as its last consolation, has been denied this much-injured man from the dastardly and evasive conduct of his persecutors.

As, Sir, you have ever manfully stood forward as the detector of odious and pernicious abuses and institutions, the defender of the just and undoubted right of Englishmen, I hope that you will give all the publicity to this affair which your publication enables you to do. Perhaps some honest independent member of parliament may undertake the task of investigating the legality, or at least the propriety of those rules and customs by which the members of a free constitution are deprived of their inalienable rights and privileges.

Should no patriotic representative of the people be found willing to take up the matter, perhaps the publicity thus given to this infamous transaction will give their impulse to popular feeling as may induce parties entitled to plead their privilege of being sued in the university courts, or in other words, to escape the punishment due to their outrages and offences, and which certainly would have been inflicted upon them, had they submitted to the verdict of a jury of their country, from availing themselves in future, of so odious and unjust a plea.

Your obedient servant,

J. D. W.

15, *Walnut-tree-Walk, Lambeth,*

Feb. 20th, 1815

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

COVENT GARDEN.

VERY little novelty has been produced during the present month. In addition to her former characters Miss O'Neill has appeared in *Mrs. Haller*, in the *Stranger*; and afforded fresh proofs, if fresh proofs were needed, of her pathetic powers. The play itself is ridiculously improbable in its incidents, feeble in its lau-

guage, and absurd in its sentiments, containing the very worst of the many bad specimens of German morality. It is impossible to listen without disgust to the perpetual trickling stream of sensibility which pervades every scene of this drama, and yet from the romantic and virtuous suffering of the Stranger himself, with the repentant sorrows of his wife, it is impossible to deny that it excites a degree of interest in the spectator which, not even its multiplied defects, can wholly subdue. The scene is laid in domestic life, and that alone is sure to command more sympathy than any other condition of suffering. Every man thinks he might feel as the Stranger; and every woman hopes that if she transgressed she would atone for it with as much meekness and voluntary humiliation as Mrs. Haller exhibits. A strumpet queen, and a cornuted king, would certainly affect us less, because as we can only remotely enter into the feelings of those so far elevated above us, we are apt to think that they have lenatives and consolation within their reach, which are unattainable by humbler beings. While, however, we are thus made to love the offender, though detesting the offence, the cause of virtue suffers: because we lose our perception of the crime in our pity for its results. Jeremy Collier has well observed in the preface to his "View of the English stage," that "as good and evil are different in themselves, so they ought to be differently marked; to confound them in speech is the way to confound them in practice. Ill qualities, ought to have ill names, to prevent their being catching." There can be no doubt that a lady who hardly blushes to hear of her *faux-paux*, would shrink with horror if she were called a whore; and a man who merely laments that he has been unfortunate in a violated bed, would rouse with indignation to hear himself broadly denominated a cuckold. Hence the practical danger from the gilded immorality of German plays; and hence too the evil consequence of perverting the character of actions in themselves base and dishonorable.

With respect to Miss O'Neill's performance of Mrs. Haller, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the only one of her characters which strikes us as being perfect: but she will permit us to add that we do not think she will regard this as any great compliment to her talents. It is one thing to play Malbrook with accuracy, and another to perform one of Mozart's concertos. Mrs. Haller demands no extraordinary powers; the quiet elegance of secluded life is all need be displayed in the first scenes, and the repentant sorrow of a guilty wife, all that the concluding ones require. We admit, indeed, that she displays both the one and the other with exquisite skill; but we also contend that the skill itself is necessarily of a subordinate quality. Her personal endowments appear to great advantage in the character; and almost justify the impassioned burst of feeling in which her husband pardons her when he rushes into her arms.

Mr. Young, in the Stranger, pleased us infinitely less than Kemble. He did not diffuse over it that unbroken tint of melancholy which nothing could remove, nor even for a moment disturb. His solemnity of manner seemed to be a disguise which he wore to suit his seclusion: while in Kemble it appeared to grow out of the sufferings of a wounded heart. Liston, in Peter, was incomparably comic.

A new musical piece, called *Brother and Sister*, was produced on the 1st of February, and was successfully received. It is not wholly destitute of amusement; and supported by the acting of Liston and Fawcett, with the vocal powers of Miss Stephens, Miss Matthews, and Mrs. Liston, it could hardly miscarry. Miss Stephens sings an echo song in the first act, in imitation of one which Braham introduced last year into the opera of Narensky; and she manages it better than even Braham did his. The effect was truly magical, and exhibited wonderful powers of voice. Miss Matthews also sang a very pretty song in the first act, which was loudly and deservedly encored. This lady improves greatly. There is a spriteliness and

grace in her acting which we always witness with delight.

Mathews made his first appearance since his severe accident, on the 3d of Feb. in the character of Buskin, in *Killing no Murder*. He is still lame, and we fear he will never wholly recover from it. He was enthusiastically received; and he repaid the welcome by a display of rich and original acting. His mimicry is astonishing.

The Oratorios have commenced under the direction of the Ashleys, and have been well attended. Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, Braham, and Bartleman, are among the singers who are engaged.

DRURY LANE.

The experience of each successive month but adds to the lamentable conviction, so strongly impressed upon our mind, that dramatic genius is at present at a very low ebb in this country. Of legitimate theatrical writers—writers whose productions will stand the test of sound criticism, and impartial analysis, there is in fact an absolute dearth. What little novelty has been produced in this line, since the commencement of the present season, consists (with only one exception) of garbled translations, or awkward imitations from the French, German, and Spanish stage. For the amusement of the nursery, the managers of Drury-lane theatre brought forward, during the Christmas holidays, a pantomime—they have since, in the course of the past month, enriched their theatrical stock in trade with a *Ballet!*

Miss Walstein has added, since our last publication, two more parts to her range of characters in genteel comedy. Wednesday, Feb. 1, she appeared, for the first time on the London boards, as the representative of Rosalind, in Shakespeare's comedy of *As you like it*. In consequence of the applause with which she was received, by a numerous and brilliant audience, she repeated the part on the 7th. With equal success she sustained the character of Lady Townley, in the *Provoked Husband*, on Friday, Feb. 3, and on the 14th of the same month took her leave of the metropolitan stage in the same part. To *break the bruised reed*, is not consonant with our habits or feelings—we shall therefore let fall the curtain on her pretensions, and sincerely wish she may make more powerful hold on public favor and patronage, in the sister-kingdom, to which she has now returned.

Miss Lydia Kelly, whose promising *debut* on the boards

of Drury-lane, in the part of Juliet, we noticed with becoming fitting commendation, in our last number, has likewise been encouraged to essay her talents in a new part. She appeared on Saturday, Feb. 4, as the representative of Ophelia, in the tragedy of Hamlet. Her delineation of that interesting character was not derogatory of the favorable impression she made, by her former personation of Juliet. The timidity and embarrassment under which she laboured, in her first appearance before a London audience, and on which topic we had occasion to animadvert, in our preceding number, have evidently given way to encouragement, and its natural consequence, an increased confidence in her own powers. When we consider her extreme youth, and the arduous career in which she has engaged, we augur much future excellence, from the fostering hand of time, and the wholesome lessons of experience. It is with intellectual, as with the natural growth—assiduous culture is requisite to improve the produce of the soil, and bring it to perfection.

Mr. Kean's Reuben Glenroy.—Monday, Feb. 13, was represented for the first time at this theatre, Mr. Morton's comedy of Town and Country. This play owes its introduction on the Drury-lane boards to the desire of exhibiting Mr. Kean in a new character, to wit, that of Reuben Glenroy. This is a part not equally nor uniformly adapted for his powers. In the tender interview between Reuben and the lovely Rosalie Somers, in the first act, Mr. Kean does not appear to advantage. Scenes which require a display of the gentler affections; where tenderness, amiability, and sweetness are to be portrayed, little harmonize with the leading characteristics of Mr. Kean's manner and style of acting. There is a certain indefinable something about Mr. Kean, not in the least in unison with the softer workings of love. Hence we must candidly confess we never experience any pleasure from his personation of its calm and tranquil emotions. But when this mighty, this all-subduing passion is wound up to the height and *ne plus ultra* of heroic expression; when the violence, the ardour, the vehemence, and uncontrollable impetuosity of strong desire is exhibited, then indeed Mr. Kean rises with the part, then he swells, mounts, and overflows, like a torrent, fed by sudden streams, when whirlwinds rack the affrighted air, when the tempest rages, and the opening sluices of the sky descend in copious streams from the mountains' tops.

Such an opportunity is afforded to Mr. Kean, in the

scene where he learns the flight and supposed infidelity of his dear Rosalie. To add to the atrocity of this occurrence, and still more violently agonize his outraged feelings, it is Plastic, the man whom he has but just snatched from the grave, at the risk of his own life, who repays this benefit by the most horrible ingratitude; who robs him of his mistress; in return for such signal favours, such rare disinterested generosity. Here Mr. Kean literally electrifies the audience—he enters perfectly into the situation of the part he personates, and his delineation is just, because he acts from feeling, and feeling always is analogous with nature.

Great beauties likewise characterize his interview with his deluded brother, in the gambling-house. When Capt. Glenroy, in a fit of despair, meditates self-murder, and already points the weapon to the breast, with what eagerness does Mr. Kean arrest his desperate hand—with what a masterly transition of tone, of look, of gesture, he utters the words “Suicide! madman! brother!”

The interview with the false, perfidious Plastic, which immediately follows that with his brother, abounds with exquisite touches. The manner in which he gradually sets before this vile seducer the heinousness of his guilt, is a climax of excellence. Unfeeling as the villain is, his heart is irresistibly wrung and tortured by the consciousness of guilt. Mr. Kean is here quite at home. Fastidious criticism might perhaps reproach him, with giving into exaggeration; with over-acting the part, and having too much recourse to pantomimic aid; but the general character of excellence, which pervades this part of his performance, scarcely allows the candid observer to notice slight and venial errors.

Viewing therefore Mr. Kean's personation of Reuben Glenroy, in the aggregate, we feel no hesitation to declare, that it is a most consummate and impressive specimen of histrionic talent. The audience, which was both numerous and elegant, appeared decidedly to share the same opinion. For never do we remember to have witnessed more tumultuous, prolonged, and reiterated plaudits. It was, literally speaking, a thunder of applause, and such was the eagerness of the town to witness the performance of Mr. Kean, in this new character, that even the upper boxes were crowded to overflow at a very early hour.

Lent-Oratorios—Although the exhibition of theatrical pieces, gave way, at both theatres, to the performance of sacred music, on Monday, Jan. 30. being the anni-

versary of the decaputation of Charles I. the regular Oratorio season did not commence till Friday, Feb. 10.

At Drury-lane, the Oratorios are under the immediate direction of Sir George Smart. They have been hitherto conducted with much ability. Great taste is displayed in the manner of fitting up of the stage for these musical performances. The accessory scenery is at once elegant and appropriate. The paintings, in imitation of stained glass, produce a very striking effect, and contribute eminently to heighten the solemn appearance of the scene, which conveys the idea of a gothic cathedral. In point of novelty, the engagement of Madame Sessi, from the Opera-house ranks, among the leading sources of attraction. Her voice is clear, distinct, powerful, sonorous, and pleasing in the highest degree. What affords us peculiar satisfaction, is to find her entirely divested of that affectation, which frequently mars the professional exertions of the votaries of the Italian school. She has likewise none of that violent effort, which operates as a powerful drawback, on the delight we should otherwise experience, by putting the hearer in pain for the singers, whose vocal beauties seem to cost them so much personal labour. She is truly an accomplished singer, and amply merits the applauses with which she is, on every fresh appearance, honoured.

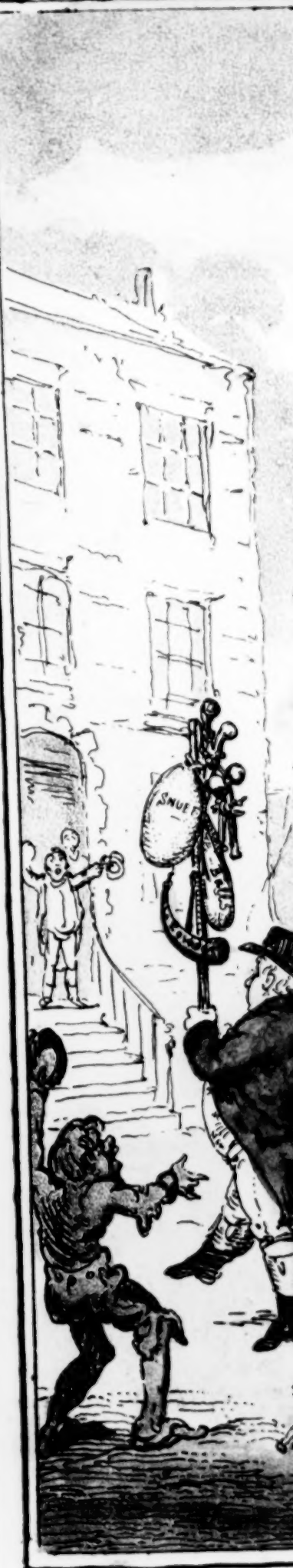
Another acquisition from the Opera, is Mons. Gra'am. This gentleman sings with great ease and confidence. His voice is remarkably fine, rich, powerful, and uniformly distinct. Sir George Smart has indeed neglected nothing to secure a preference to his undertaking. The *Grand Battle Sinfonia*, descriptive of the grand Victory gained at Vittoria, by the armies under the command of Field-marshal, the Duke of Wellington, is of itself sufficient to attract an overflowing house. It is the composition of the celebrated Beethoven, who has dedicated the manuscript copy to the Prince Regent—by whose permission, it is performed at Drury-lane. It affords an admirable specimen of the marvellous imitative power of music. The march of the two armies, each to a favorite national air—the commencement of the attack, the clash of arms, the roar of cannon—the consequent defeat, and retreat of the French, together with the triumphal rejoicings of the victorious British army, to the national air of "*God save the King*"—are conceived and executed in a masterly style.

Administering a Mild antidote to Starvation !!!

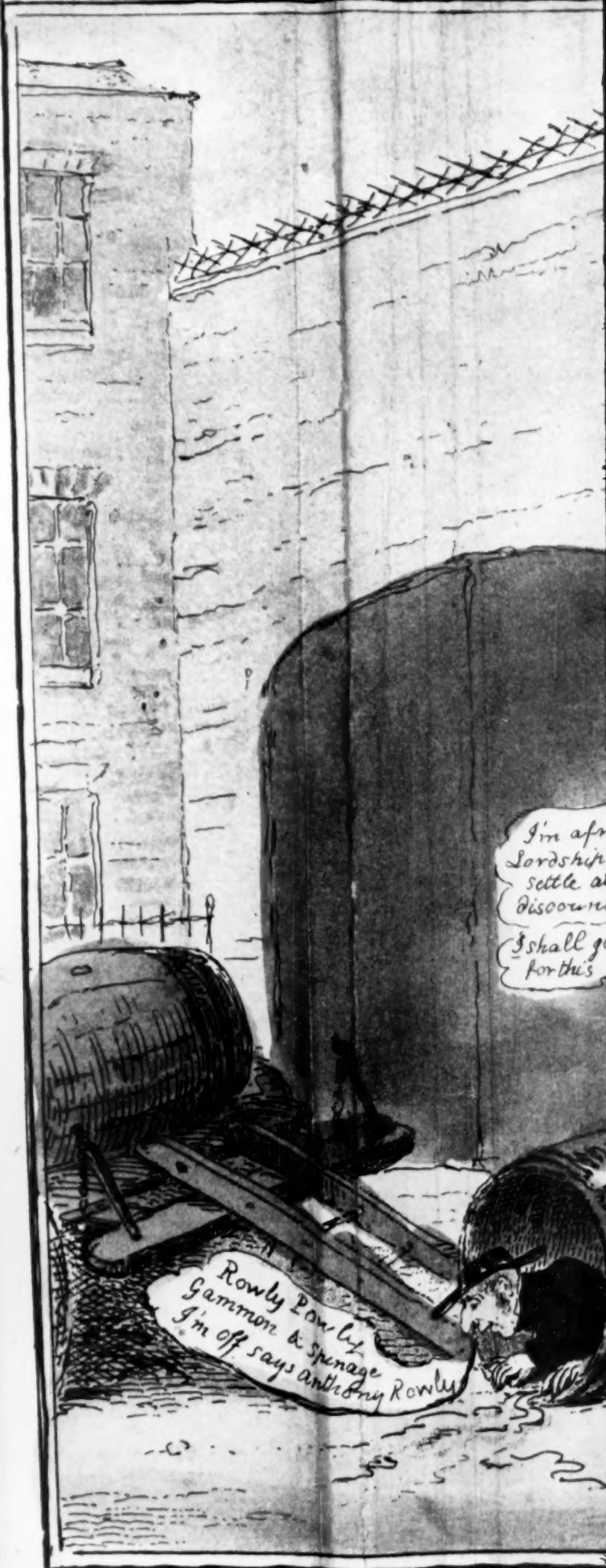
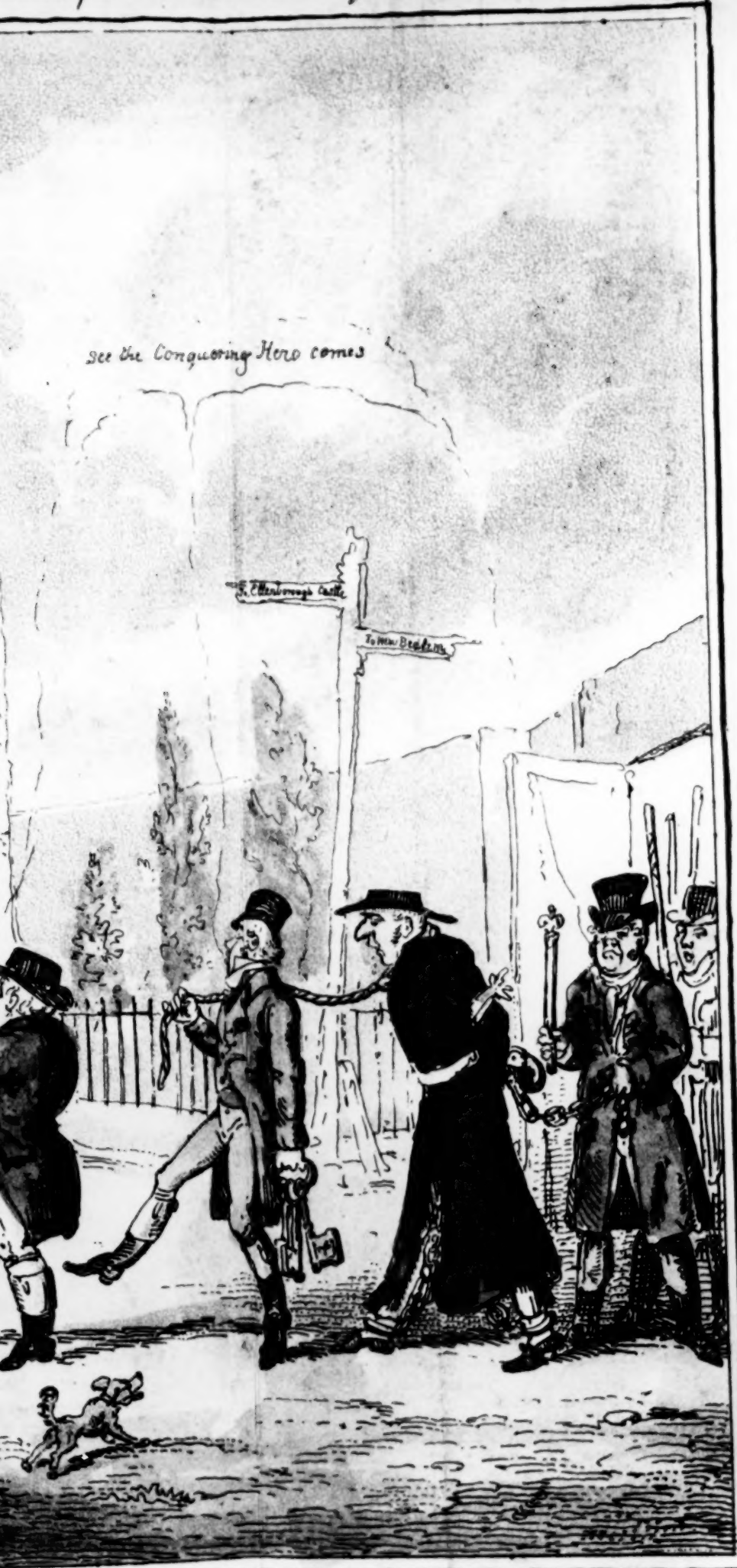
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The High Wind



* by Mistake these Subjects are misplaced, N^o 2 preceding N^o 1.

nds of March blowing Events from all quarters